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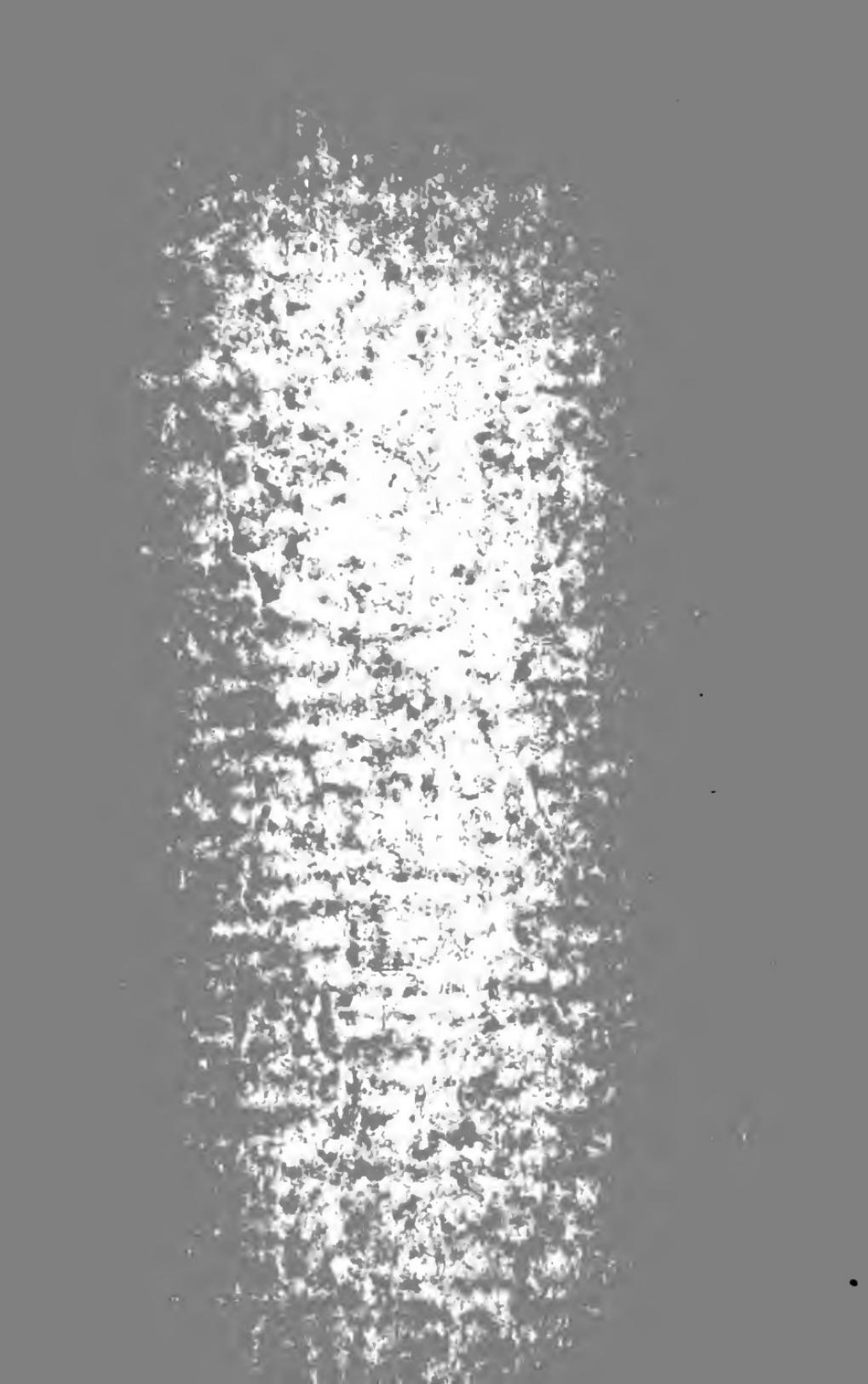
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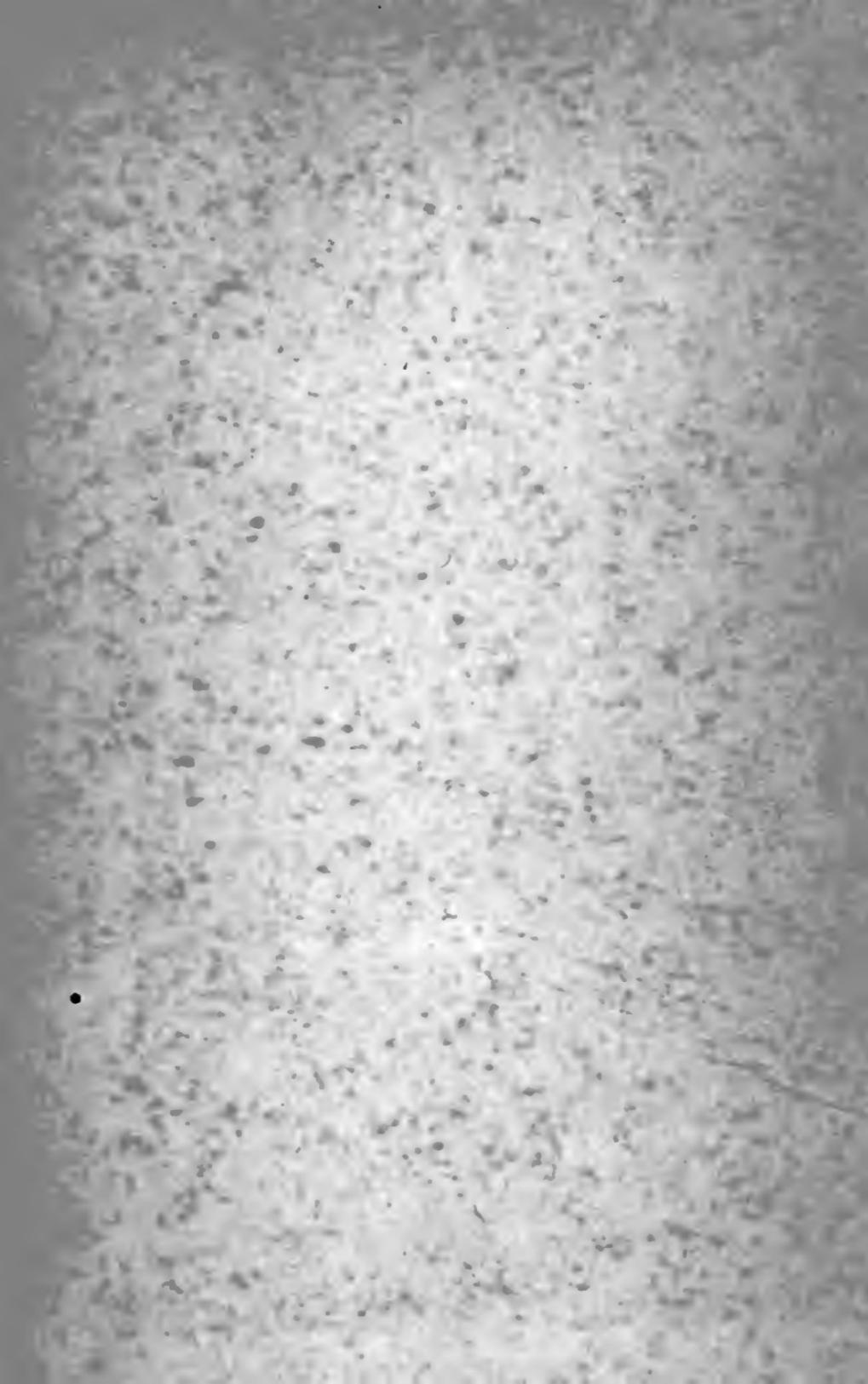
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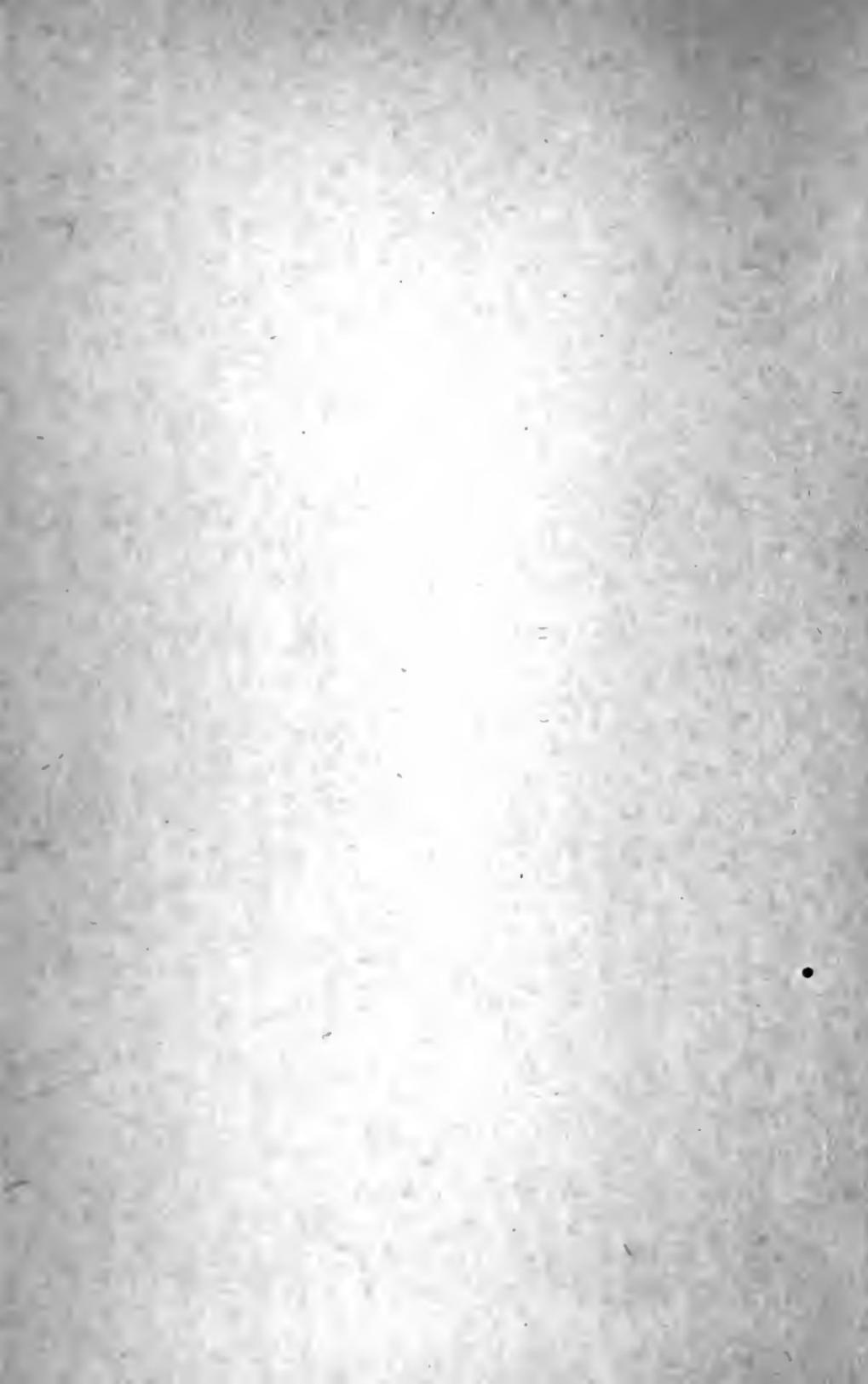
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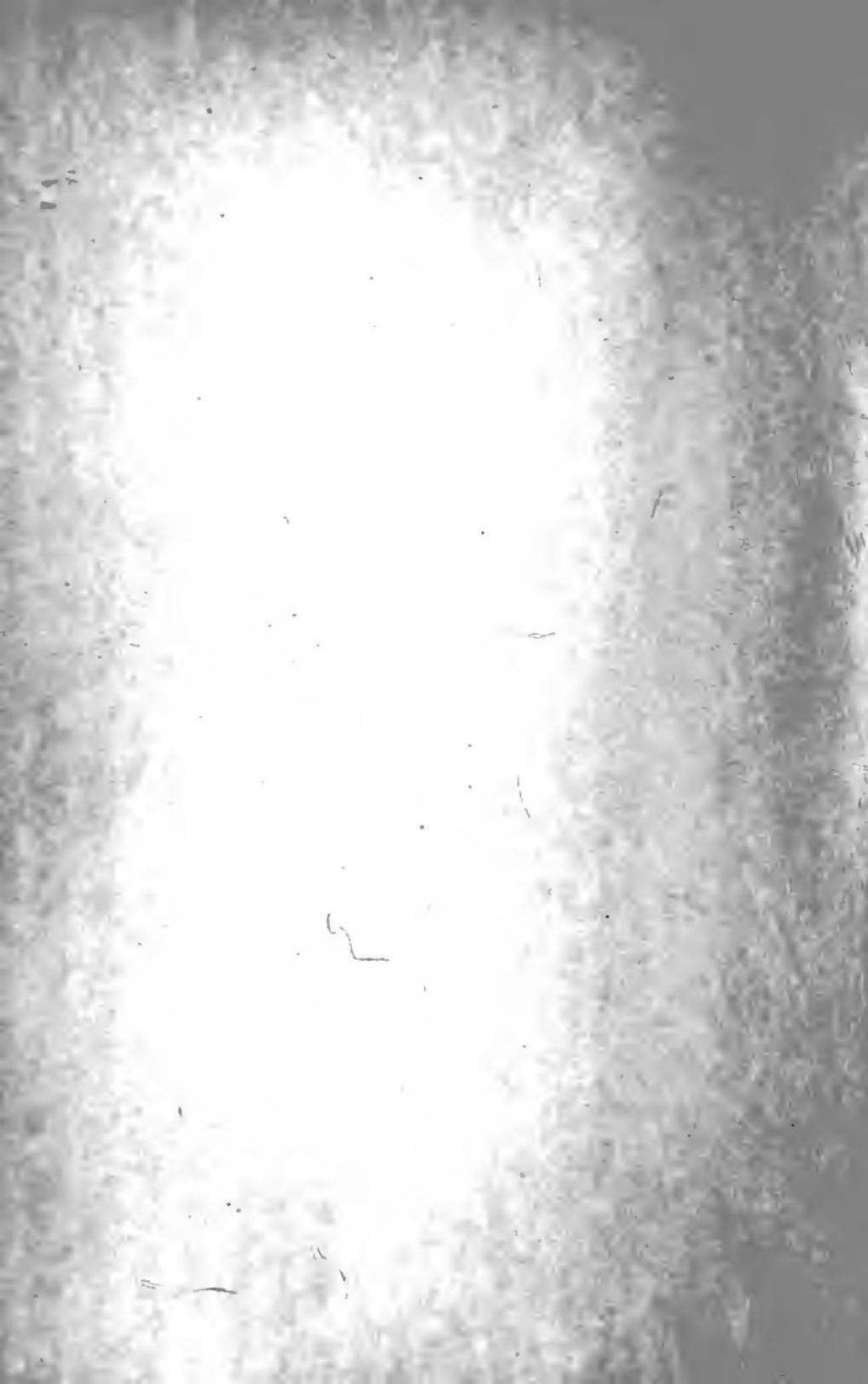
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CYMBELINE

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SHAKESPEARE

CYMBELINE

EDITED BY

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SOMETIMES SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE

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NOTE

I HAVE to acknowledge my great obligation to the old Variorum edition (Malone) and the new (Furness). The latter, referred to as "F.," did not appear till this little book, much delayed by illness and other causes, was in print; but it has, of course, been a great help in various ways.

I must also mention the admirable editions of Professors Herford and Gollancz.

The Indexes were compiled by one of the Readers of the Press.

The editorship of this series passes now into other hands.

A. W. V.

June 1923.

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INTRODUCTION

I

DATES OF THE PUBLICATION AND COMPOSITION OF THE PLAY.

Cymbeline was first published, so far as we know, in the First Folio¹ edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623. It is placed there, at the end of the volume, as the last of the "Tragedies." It must be classed, however, with *Pericles* (1608), *The Tempest* (1610), *The Winter's Tale* (1610-1611).

"Comedies" we cannot call these plays because of the strain of sadness that runs through the story of each. Nor are they "tragedies," since they end happily. They have been entitled "romances," and the title is most fitting, for their main incidents are "romantic" in that they lie outside the scope of common experience, and are treated by the poet with a freedom which recks little of probability. The four pieces have much in common. They are dramas of reconciliation between estranged kinsmen; of wrongs righted through repentance, not revenge; of pardon and peace. In each of them the restoration of a child supposed to be dead is an important incident. Thus Marina,

¹ The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, and the earliest authority for the text of the majority, e.g. *As You Like It*, *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Coriolanus*, *The Tempest*. But for the First Folio (often referred to simply as "the Folio") these plays would, no doubt, have been lost. Of only sixteen of the plays are there extant Quarto editions, and these were all "publishers' ventures... undertaken without the co-operation of the author." The Second Folio (1632) was a reprint of the First, correcting some of its typographical errors, and introducing some conjectural changes which are often quite unnecessary. The later Folios have little value or interest, except that the edition of 1664 was the first to give *Pericles*.

supposed to be drowned, is restored to Pericles ; Miranda, also supposed to be drowned, to her country ; similarly Ferdinand to Alonso ; Perdita, who had been cast out of her country in childhood like Miranda, to Leontes ; and his sons to Cymbeline. The four plays in fact contain variations on the same theme. They present similar features of style and metre.

On general grounds, therefore, the date of the composition of *Cymbeline* could be fixed with a considerable measure of certainty, and a specific piece of evidence points to 1610. *Cymbeline* is mentioned in the brief MS. Diary of Simon Forman, a well-known physician and astrologer, contemporary with Shakespeare. This Diary, entitled a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereoffor common Pollicie*¹, records performances of three of Shakespeare's plays seen by Forman, viz. *Macbeth* on April 20, 1610 ; *A Winter's Tale* on May 15, 1611 ; and *Cymbeline*, undated. Forman died in August 1611, and it is practically certain that the Diary belongs to the last two years of his life. The entry relating to *Cymbeline* gives quite a full account of the plot of the play. The Diary cannot be called proof positive of the date of either *Cymbeline* or *A Winter's Tale* because it does not state that they were new plays when Forman saw them ; and we know (practically) that the first play *Macbeth* was not a new one in 1610. But the Diary fits in remarkably well with the general body of evidence indicating that *Cymbeline* and *A Winter's Tale* belong to the years 1610 and 1611 respectively. To the same period, 1610–1611, belongs Fletcher's play *Philaster*², which is considered to reflect the influence of *Cymbeline*. The year 1610, therefore, may be accepted with confidence as the date of *Cymbeline*.

¹ “The words ‘for common policy’ in the title of Forman’s ‘Notes’ mean that he made these remarks upon plays he saw represented, because they afforded him a useful lesson of prudence or ‘policy’ for the ‘common’ affairs of life.”—*Furness*. The lesson of prudence conveyed by *Cymbeline* would be the need of forgiveness in life?

² “Fletcher’s beautiful play *Philaster* betrays the impression made upon him by this [i.e. *Cymbeline*] the most Fletcherian of Shakespeare’s plays in numerous detailed touches, and particularly in the character and fortunes of the maiden page, Euphrasia.”—*Herford*.

The metrical features and style of *Cymbeline*, without any other evidence, would place it at the close of Shakespeare's career. The verse is obviously the free "run on" blank verse of his last period. It presents all the familiar characteristics of that period : "double" (or "feminine") endings of the lines, "weak" and "light" endings, and speech-endings in the middle of the lines ; while about a quarter of the play is in conversational prose. And the style—elliptical, compressed, subtle—tells the same tale. Of rhyme the percentage is higher than one would expect in a play of 1610, excluding, of course, the "Song," the elegiac lines that carry on its sentiment, and the "Vision."

Cymbeline is, to a singular degree, a reminiscent play. All through runs the feeling 'where has that come before in Shakespeare?' Echoes of situation, characterisation and expression are constant : "the isle is full of noises."

II

DOUBTFUL ELEMENTS OF THE PLAY.

It is a very perplexing problem whether we have *Cymbeline* essentially as it was when it left Shakespeare's hands. Did he write the "Vision"? Many critics think not, on account of the poor quality of the work and its structural awkwardness. They hold that the "Vision" was composed by some minor writer¹ for a special performance at Court² when the patronage of James I gave a great vogue to the masque-type of representation. If *Cymbeline* underwent this extensive change, then it may quite well have undergone smaller changes such as the introduction

¹ Perhaps George Wilkins, who wrote for the King's company, of which Shakespeare was a leading member, and who is commonly associated with parts of *Pericles* and *Timon of Athens*. He may simply have dramatised into a spectacular episode some speech in which Shakespeare made Posthumus describe his dream. Wilkins had a trick of sprinkling his blank verse with rhymed couplets (*Dict. of Biography*).

² An entry in the *Records* of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1623–1673, shows that *Cymbeline* was acted at Court on Jan. 1, 1634, and "well likte by the Kinge" (Charles).

of conventional rhymed couplets. Others, again, incline to the theory of an interrupted authorship, dating from different periods of Shakespeare's life. They think that he began a *Cymbeline* play in his middle period, put it aside for some reason, and afterwards worked up his original notes or draft-scheme into the present play, excluding the "Vision," the authenticity of which is very generally doubted. The mention of the name "Innogen" in a stage-direction of *Much Ado About Nothing* certainly suggests that the subject had attracted his attention as early as 1599 (about).

"Irreconcileable traits of character" have been found in Cloten: the witless fool of the first act speaks later with real, if misguided, patriotism and dignity against the claims of Rome, and shows considerable ingenuity of malevolence and intrigue against Imogen. The inconsistency (if it exists) would be intelligible on the supposition that *Cymbeline* represents a play of broken authorship. But seeming inconsistency of character is a common phenomenon in life; it is rash to dogmatise on so precarious a basis. One thing appears to me clear, that, though Shakespeare may have had a *Cymbeline*-play—perhaps we should say an Imogen-play—in mind at an earlier stage and done some work on it, yet the actual composition of our *Cymbeline*, taken as a whole, dates from a single year, and that a late year (1610). For (apart from the "Vision" and the rhymed scraps) the style seems absolutely homogeneous, while the precision with which the threads of a complex plot are interwoven, notably in the last act, is one of the commonplaces of Shakespearian criticism.

III

THE SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

The plot of *Cymbeline* is composed of two strands, the Roman-British story and the wager-story, of which Imogen is the heart. Nominally the former story has precedence, as the title shows; actually the latter is the real interest.

This wager-story is one of the world-tales of unknown authorship. It ranks with the tales in the *Gesta Romanorum*, e.g. the bond-story of *The Merchant of Venice*. Literary convention and convenience assign an Eastern origin to these widespread immemorial legends; rightly, no doubt, in most cases. They spring spontaneously from human experience. And so we learn without surprise that there are versions in various languages—English, Italian, French, German¹, Scandinavian—of this particular wager-story. The interrelation of these versions is an interesting subject of comparative research, but it has little to do with Shakespeare. It suffices to know the particular source from which Shakespeare took the story and to study his use of it. That source is undoubted, and the following summary by Brandes will serve our purpose.

IV

THE WAGER-STORY.

"In Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Book II. Novel 9), Shakespeare found the story of the faithful Ginevra, of which this is the substance:—At a tavern in Paris, a company of Italian merchants, after supper one evening, fall to discussing their wives. Three of them have but a poor opinion of their ladies' virtue, but one, Bernabo Lomellini of Genoa, maintains that his wife would resist any possible temptation, however long he had been absent from her. A certain Ambrogiulo lays a heavy wager with him on the point, and he takes himself to Genoa, but finds Bernabo's confidence fully justified. He hits upon the scheme of concealing himself in a chest which is conveyed into the lady's bedroom. In the middle of the night he raises the lid.

¹ *Von vier Kaufmännern*—an old (1489) folk-tale "Of Four Merchants, or the Virtuous Wife," said to have been Englished early in the 16th century under the title *Frederick of Jennen* as a "chap-book," i.e. one of those popular pieces (tales, ballads, etc.) sold by "chapmen" or itinerant pedlars (cf. Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. 4, 609). But all this is antiquarianism (*Notes and Queries*, April 29, 1916).

“‘He crept quietly forth, and stood in the room, where a candle was burning. By its light, he carefully examined the furnishing of the apartment, the pictures, and other objects of note, and fixed them in his memory. Then he approached the bed, and when he saw that both she and a little child who lay beside her were sleeping soundly, he uncovered her and beheld that her beauty in nowise consisted in her attire. But he could not discover any mark whereby to convince her husband, save one which she had under the left breast ; it was a birth-mark, around which there grew certain yellow hairs.’

“Then he takes from one of her chests a purse and a night-gown, together with certain rings and belts, and conceals them in his own hiding-place. He hastens back to Paris, summons the merchants together, and boasts of having won the wager. The description of the room makes little impression on Bernabo, who remarks that all this he may have learnt by bribing a chambermaid ; but when the birth-mark is described, he feels as though a dagger had been plunged into his heart. He despatches a servant with a letter to his wife, requesting her to meet him at a country-house some twenty miles from Genoa, and at the same time orders the servant to murder her on the way. The lady receives the letter with great joy, and next morning takes horse to ride with the servant to the country-house. Loathing his task, the man consents to spare her, gives her a suit of male attire, and suffers her to escape, bringing his master false tidings of her death, and producing her clothes in witness of it. Ginevra, dressed as a man, enters the service of a Spanish nobleman, and accompanies him to Alexandria, whither he goes to convey to the Sultan a present of certain rare falcons. The Sultan notices the pretty youth in his train, and makes him (or rather her) his favourite. In the market-place of Acre she chances upon a booth in the Venetian bazaar where Ambrogiulo has displayed for sale, among other wares, the purse and belt he stole from her. On her inquiring where he got them, he replies that they were given him by his mistress, the lady Ginevra. She persuades him to come to Alexandria, manages to bring her husband thither also, and makes them

both appear before the Sultan. The truth is brought to light and the liar shamed; but he does not escape so easily as Iachimo in the play. He who had falsely boasted of a lady's favour, and thereby brought her to ruin, is, with true mediaeval consistency, allotted the punishment he deserves:

“Wherefore the Sultan commanded that Ambrogiulo should be led forth to a high place in the city, and should there be bound to a stake in the full glare of the sunshine, and smeared all over with honey¹, and should not be set free till his body fell to pieces by its own decay. So that he was not alone stung to death in unspeakable torments by flies, wasps, and hornets, which greatly abound in that country, but also devoured to the last particle of his flesh. His white bones, held together by the sinews alone, stood there unremoved for a long time, a terror and a warning to all.”

“These two tales—of the wars between Rome and heathen Britain, and of the slander, peril, and rescue of Ginevra—were in themselves totally unconnected. Shakespeare welded them by making Ginevra, whom he calls Imogen, a daughter of King Cymbeline by his first marriage, and therefore next in succession to the crown of Britain.”

The test-scene, which proves beyond cavil that Boccaccio's tale was Shakespeare's source of the wager-story, is the bed-chamber scene as described by Iachimo (II. 4). Boccaccio has all the significant, minutely significant, features of the parallel scene in *Cymbeline*²: the chest, the villain's memorising of the appearance and contents of the chamber, the mole and yellow hairs on the heroine's breast. Nowhere else than in Boccaccio's tale have these arresting details been found. The inference is clear.

How did Shakespeare become acquainted with Boccaccio? It is the problem that confronts us in *Othello*. The story of *Othello* came indisputably from Cinthio's collection of stories

¹ It has been noted that Shakespeare remembered and improved on this punishment in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. 4, 811—20. There is a special interest in these links between closely related plays.

² This was well brought out in *Notes and Queries*, April 29, 1916.

called *Hecatomithi*, of which no English version is known to have existed as early as the date of *Othello*. Various explanations of Shakespeare's acquaintance with the Italian writers suggest themselves. It was an age of translations, especially from the Italian. The first English translation of the whole *Decameron* dates from 1620; but the Ginevra-story may have appeared separately, just as the Hamblet-story¹ was translated apparently from Belleforest's collection of *Histoires Tragiques*. Or there may have been some French version² available to Shakespeare, and no one can doubt his ability to read French. Or he may have had enough Italian³ (thanks to Florio?) to read Boccaccio and Cinthio in the original. Perhaps we are too apt to cling to the old conception of Shakespeare as an inspired ignoramus. Anyhow the problem how he knew the Ginevra-story is no stumbling-block. The *Decameron* must be accepted as the source of the wager-story of *Cymbeline*.

V

ANOTHER POSSIBLE SOURCE.

A subsidiary source has been suggested. This is an English version of the wager-story in a collection of tales entitled *Westward for Smelts*⁴. A rough piece of work, it differs radically from *Cymbeline* as regards the significant features of the bed-chamber scene—the test-scene in my opinion—and it is entirely devoid of that Italian colouring which points to the Italian tale as the direct

¹ *The Historie of Hamblet* (1608). It is thought to reflect the influence of Shakespeare's play in one or two places. Its separate publication may have been due to the great popularity of *Hamlet*.

² A parallel case would be his almost certain indebtedness to the Spanish romance *Diana* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and possibly in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (the love-juice). The earliest extant version in English of *Diana* dates from 1598; but the "Preface" and "Dedication" show that the translator made use "of the French copies." And so may Shakespeare.

³ "Writ in choice Italian" (*Hamlet*, III. 2. 275) rather implies this.

⁴ "A volume of commonplace Elizabethan tales with incidents plagiarized from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*."—*The Athenaeum*, June 4, 1920. The second tale is the one associated with *Cymbeline*.

original of the wager-story of *Cymbeline*. But a very able critic finds in it two distinct points of resemblance to *Cymbeline*. First, "the lady's demeanour under the threat of death is more like Imogen's than Ginevra's; instead of pleading for her life she begs for death ('what should I desire to live having lost his favour?'), and instead of proposing the plan of living in disguise, she merely accepts it when proposed by the servant. Further, the story is set in a frame-work of English history, and the complicated meetings and partings of husband, wife, and betrayer are connected with the revolutions of civil war in a way of which there is no trace in Boccaccio. The disguised wife, after starving on herbs, takes service as a page with King Edward IV, and attends him at Barnet, where both her husband and his challenger are fighting for King Henry. Both are taken, and confronted in Edward's presence, the wife forgiving her husband, but not also, like Ginevra, calling for vengeance upon the traitor, who is dismissed with the moderate penalty of a fine and a year's imprisonment. Though not published till ten years after the production of *Cymbeline*, this tale seems to present an earlier phase of the legend. It at least favours the suspicion that the wager-story had already been brought into some connection with English history before Shakespeare¹."

This theory seems to me somewhat vague. There is the difficulty about the date² of *Westward for Smelts*. Resemblances of incident, such as the villain's hiding in a chest, furnish tangible proof. Resemblances of characterisation are *imponderabilia* which each may assess differently. What the heroine would do or say under given circumstances belongs to psychology, and Shakespeare, one thinks, was his own psychologist. Imogen is true to herself in not asking for the punishment of Iachimo; and the motto of the play is "Pardon." Some framework of the wager-story was necessary; Shakespeare's selection of this early British period (and of the "Hay" story,

¹ Herford.

² Malone mentions an edition of 1603, but nothing is known of it; nor was the book entered in the Stationers' Register till Jan. 1620. The only known copy is dated 1620.—Furness.

see p. 161) may have been a sort of remainder from his Holinshed researches for *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. The existence of *Westward for Smelts* is interesting as evidence of the popularity of the wager-story; whether the tract had any direct connection with the composition of *Cymbeline* appears to me very doubtful¹. Knowing that he found all he wanted in the *Decameron* version, need we look elsewhere? The greater includes the less.

VI

“SNOW-WHITE.”

The most charming part of the story of Imogen is her life in the cave with her unknown brothers. This has been compared with an old German fairy-tale *Sneewitchen*² (“Little Snow-white”), “Wherein there is a bad queen who hates her step-daughter and tries to remove her by poison.” Attention has been drawn to “the similarity of the scenes where Imogen lives in the cave with that noble pair of brothers and that portion of the fairy-story where Sneewitchen finds refuge and protection in the house of the dwarfs. Both Sneewitchen and Imogen are dead-tired when they enter the cave and are refreshed by the food they find there; and just as the dwarfs regard the fair child as a being of a higher realm, so Belarius thinks Imogen to be, were it not that she was eating food like a mortal. As Sneewitchen keeps house for the dwarfs, so also Imogen cooks³ and even cuts roots in characters. When Sneewitchen, by the cunning of her step-mother, falls into a death-like trance, the dwarfs cry for three days and then carry her in a crystal coffin to a mountain where the king’s son finds her and restores her to life. Imogen is bewept and bewailed by the two mountain

¹ Possibly it was due to Shakespeare’s play; cf. the case of *The Historie of Hamblet*.

² Furness (summarising an article by a German critic who first raised the point). See also the introduction to *Cymbeline* in the “Temple” *Shakespeare*.

³ What else would a woman do under the circumstances? House-keeping and skilful carving were among Ginevra’s gifts.

youths, and, strewed with flowers, is not buried but laid on the surface of the ground. Assuredly, in Shakespeare's play, this episode is the most charming Idyl poet ever wrote. It would be interesting to know whether or not this fairy-story still survives in England, and in what guise."

The last sentence strikes the cold, necessary note of criticism. Editors who elaborate this pretty fancy do not adduce any evidence that the Teutonic tale of "Snow-white" was ever known in English folklore, so it may be assumed that no such evidence exists; and it is not the way of popular fairy-tales to disappear, leaving not a rack behind. Imogen and Snow-white may well go together in our thoughts, but perhaps they never met outside the pages of a commentary.

VII

THE CYMBELINE-STORY.

Mr Stone says :

" Holinshed's *Chronicles* contain all the historical or pseudo-historical matter which appears in Shakspere's *Tragedie of Cymbeline*.

" The historic Cunobelinus, son of Tasciovanus, was a King of the Britons, whose capital was Camulodunum¹ (Colchester). In A.D. 40 Cunobelin's son Adminius, whom he had banished, made a submission to Caligula which the Emperor affected to regard as equivalent to a surrender of the whole island [to Rome], but nothing was then done to assert the imperial authority. Cunobelin was dead when, in A.D. 43, Aulus Plautius was sent by Claudius to subdue Britain; and the Romans were opposed by the late king's sons Togodumnus and the renowned Caractacus. These are the sole authentic particulars relating to Cunobelin, beside the evidence derived from his coins."

¹ " So styled by Suetonius, in his biography of Caligula, cap. XLIV. Cunobeline's capital was Camulodunum, which we learn from Ptolemy ...was the town ($\pi\delta\lambda\iota\sigma$) of the Trinobantes; a people who once inhabited Middlesex and Essex. The obverse of a copper coin of Cunobeline bears the legend CVNOBELINVS REX."—*Stone*.

Holinshed is uncertain in whose reign Britain refused tribute to Rome. He says that Roman writers place the incident at an earlier period, in the time of the Emperor Augustus : "whether this controuersie which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britons and Augustus was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I haue not to auouch." He mentions the tradition of Cymbeline's friendly relations with the Roman court, and himself assigns the refusal of tribute, and the ensuing war, to Cymbeline's son Guiderius. In this point Shakespeare has departed from Holinshed.

The incident of the "ancient soldier" and "two striplings" arresting the progress of the defeat in the "lane" is based on the story of the prowess of a Scottish husbandman named Hay. "The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, near the chapters dealing with the story of Macbeth¹."

Curiously enough, Milton contemplated making use of this episode. In the prose-memoranda of the Milton MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge, sketching a number of possible subjects of his great work, Milton has a short section referring to Holinshed, and containing "Scotch stories or rather brittish of the north parts." Of the five stories enumerated, three are associated with Shakespeare. One entry relates to "Macbeth"; another to "Duffe, and Donwald" (the story incorporated by Shakespeare with that of Macbeth); while the third runs as follows²:

"Haie the plowman who with his towe sons that were at plow running to the battell that was between the Scots & Danes in the next feild...staid the flight of his countrymen, renew'd the battell, and caus'd the victorie &c. Scotch story, p. 155."

From the MS. it is clear that Milton then (about 1641) contemplated a drama cast on the lines of Greek tragedy. That he should ever have thought of challenging comparison with Shakespeare by choosing the same subjects gives food for reflection.

¹ Gollancz.

² From the facsimile of the Milton MS. edited for the Cambridge University Press by Mr Aldis Wright (1899).

Mr Stone notes that many of the names in *Cymbeline* come from Holinshed, though not all in his account of Cymbeline. Thus—to take some of the more interesting instances—Cadwall, the pseudonym of Arviragus (III. 3) is from Cadwallo, a King of Britain, who began to reign A.D. 635. There was a Cornish King Cloton; and a British King Sicilius. Polydore, spelt *Paladour* in III. 3. 86, recalls the historian Polydore Vergil, who is referred to *passim* by Holinshed; and another historian who figures often among Holinshed's authorities—Cornelius Tacitus—may have furnished the name of the physician in the play¹. “Morgan” (III. 3, v. 5) is interesting as possibly a reminiscence of Shakespeare's use of Holinshed for the story of *King Lear*: a British King Margan was the son of Gonorilla; and in the old play of *Leir* the husband of Ragan (i.e. Regan) is Morgan, King of Cambria. To end with the most interesting name of all, Imogen is Holinshed's Innogen, wife of Brute, first ruler of Britain. And this name in its original, less euphonious form, had caught Shakespeare's fancy some years earlier; the wife of Leonato is referred to as Innogen in the first stage-direction of the spurious Quarto edition of *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1600; apparently Shakespeare changed his mind, as the character is not introduced into the comedy at all, and her British name would have suited ill the Italian context and surroundings. To find suitable names for characters must exercise ingenuity and research: Shakespeare drew upon Holinshed's *Chronicles*² and North's *Plutarch* much as a modern play-wright or novelist seeks inspiration in the “local directory” or newspaper.

A poetical version of British “history” during the period extending from the reign of the legendary Lud up to the recognised introduction of Christianity in our island is given in *The Faerie Queene*, II. 46–52. Spenser, no doubt, drew on much the same sources of information as Shakespeare, and his

¹ But see I. 5. 5, note. It is said that “doctors are very frequently introduced into [Massinger's] plays, and usually in a flattering manner, unlike the customary gibes of the playwrights.”

² “In *Cymbeline* [v. 5. 480] he takes from Holinshed the spurious ‘Lud's town,’ which was invented by the mediaeval chroniclers to account for the name ‘London’” (*Shakespeare's England*, II. 154).

résumé serves as a sort of introduction to the Roman-British element of *Cymbeline*, but it is somewhat lengthy to quote. That Shakespeare had studied this book of *The Faerie Queene* with some care is obvious from *King Lear*. Stanzas 29 and 31 contain the name “Cordelia”; and apparently the name is not found in this exact form elsewhere¹.

A prose version, which might be described as Elizabethan, is that given in Milton’s *History of Britain*, bk. II. One wishes that he had brought in some reference to Shakespeare’s tragedy.

VIII

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY “SOURCES”?

While it is proper always to recognise Shakespeare’s obligations where they exist, we must be very careful not to overestimate them. The word “source” or “original” will mislead us unless we ask ourselves what constitutes the greatness of one of his plays, and consider how little that greatness is due to its nominal source: how such qualities as characterisation (ever the crown of the dramatist’s art), humour and wit, poetry and pathos and tragic intensity, deft manipulation of plot and underplot and varied relief, are Shakespeare’s own gift, never the inspiration of another. This is in truth a vital point, and on it Dr Furness has some valuable remarks, written indeed with reference to *King Lear*, but applicable (*mutatis mutandis*) to all Shakespeare’s plays of which some “original” has been unearthed.

“What false impressions are conveyed in the phrases which we have to use to express the process whereby Shakespeare converted the stocks and stones of the old dramas and chronicles into living, breathing men and women! We say ‘he drew his original’ from this source, or he ‘found his materials’ in that source. But how much did he ‘draw,’ or what did he ‘find’?”

¹ In Holinshed she is called “Cordeilla”; in the old play of *King Leir and his Three Daughters*, “Cordella”; in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, “Cordell” and “Cordila.”

Granting that he drew from Holinshed, or whence you please, where did he find Lear's madness, or the pudder of the elements, or the inspired babblings of the Fool? Of whatsoever makes his tragedies sublime and heaven-high above all other human compositions,—of that we find never a trace....When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we are pleased to call the ‘original of his plot,’ I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heine speaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by kings’ children at play, but when we look for these jewels by day we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity¹.

IX

ASPECTS OF THE PLAY

Criticism of *Cymbeline* is apt to be a mixture of enthusiastic admiration and reluctant admission. It is a play of great beauties, but also of defects which only Shakespearian fanaticism can deny. The defects are partly such as might be expected in a work begun years earlier and laid aside as unsuitable, and resumed for the sake of a single element. Let us first touch briefly on these demerits, and then pass to those happier things on which every reader of Shakespeare loves to dwell.

Cymbeline “is the least perfect of the later plays,” says one critic². It exhibits “a certain offhand carelessness of technique,” says another³; “a heedlessness of conventional canons.”

¹ I do not mean by quoting this passage to imply that all the works on which Shakespeare drew are contemptible. That would not be true of Holinshed, nor of Lodge’s *Rosalynde*, the “source” of *As You Like It*, and probably the best of all the “sources” used by Shakespeare. But what Furness says as to the general relation of Shakespeare’s plays to their respective “sources” is a truth that cannot be impressed too strongly on students, especially young students. The Elizabethans did not worry about originality as we do. Their motto was Molière’s : *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*. And Shakespeare followed the practice of his age.

² Masefield.

³ Brandes.

"Shakespeare troubled only about the story of Imogen," say others: that was what he really cared for, and that was what made him take up again a subject he had rejected. These views seem a just resumé of modern feeling about *Cymbeline*.

The play is based on an incident, the wager, which (in the case of a man like Posthumus) offends our sense of probability, and taste. Dependent to an unusual degree on intrigue, the plot ranges over a wide area and unfolds through incidents which tax credulity and memory. The result, implicit in its complications, is an excessive use of speeches of explanation addressed to the audience, of soliloquies and "asides" which are needed to make clear the situation, but do not spring naturally from it. At the close the threads are gathered together with extreme ingenuity, but we are asked to accept a remarkable amount of "recognitions" and coincidence. Artificiality and stage-contrivance tend to take the place of that dramatic inevitability which comes from the spontaneous play and interaction of character and incident. And parallel to the difficulty of treatment is the difficulty of style. *Cymbeline* is full of passages hard to analyse: we see, or think we see, the meaning, but the verbal process is intractable. It is, in short, cast in an exceptionally difficult, elliptical, summary style: as though the writer were concerned more with vivid impressions than ease and completeness of rendering. Criticism, then, is directed against the basis of the plot, its complications and improbabilities, and the general manner of expression. This appears to me a fair statement of the case against the play. Whether the case be a just one the student must work out for himself.

Now for the other side of the medal. "The best of *Cymbeline* ranks among the best Shakespeare has given us!" It has indeed very great beauties, moments of perfect appeal, which fascinate and enthrall us the more we study it, so that in the end we reach something of Shakespeare's own feeling about the play, i.e. indifference about details and rapt concentration on what he cared for. *Cymbeline* grows on you.

There is the Nature-element. The cave-scenes in Wales are

¹ A writer in the *Athenaeum*, March 14, 1914.

a flawless idyl of Youth. It has been well said that the young people of Shakespeare's last plays, "the Romances," are younger than those of his earliest: they are Youth itself. The remark applies to this wonderful trio—Guiderius, Arviragus, and "fair Fidele." Of her (or him) something must be said later. Of the brothers we may say that they represent in a wonderful, subtle way Youth in relation to Nature. The strength and beauty of mountain scene and murmuring sound, of winds and "the heat o' the sun," have passed into their being and made them what they are. Moulded by the same influences, they are nicely discriminated¹, and the difference prettily brought out: Guiderius was the man for Cloten. But they are indeed *par nobile fratrum*. The whole episode is a thing of beauty, a perpetual joy; and such things do not need or bear talking about.

One likes, too, the scenes with Lucius; there is an atmosphere of the grandeur that was Rome. It is noticeable that this strand of the plot shows Cymbeline and his Queen and Cloten at their best. They all seem raised a bit above themselves. One wonders sometimes how the natives of Britain regarded the Roman power in their midst. *Cymbeline* seems to give us a hint of their feeling: resistance tempered with awe of the far-flung majesty.

Last and best is the Imogen-Posthumus element, the *cordium* of *Cymbeline*.

Hazlitt says: "Posthumus is the ostensible hero of the piece, but its greatest charm is the character of Imogen. Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him; and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. It is the peculiar excellence of Shakespeare's heroines, that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others. They are pure abstractions of the affections:...Of all

¹ "Arv. How angel-like he sings !
 Gui. But his neat cookery !"

And again:

"Gui. Prithee, have done;
 And do not play in wenchlike words with that
 Which is so serious."

Shakespeare's women she is perhaps the most tender and the most artless." Imogen, then, must be studied primarily in relation to Posthumus, and *vice versa*. She is a man's creation : a man's idealisation of the Eternal Feminine, a man's embodiment of the qualities he attributes to woman and loves most in her, a man's vision of the light that sometimes is. "The very crown and flower"¹ of the womanhood of Shakespeare's plays : that is the first and last word about Imogen.

Nor is Posthumus, I think, unworthy of her. He is the typical tragic figure : the man of noble soul caught by a cruel irony of Fortune in the meshes of delusion. Shakespeare is at pains to bring home to us, in various ways, his nobility. He stresses it in the testimony of the speakers in the first scene ; he shows it in the agonies of the man's remorse ; and best evidence of all is Imogen's love. We have to accept the distasteful fact that Posthumus assented to the wager. The wager once made, the rest followed inevitably. It is easy to say that love should have taught him to know her better. The evidence was strong, the cunning of his undoer deadly. Like Othello, he loved too much for wisdom and weighing : *amare et sapere vix deis conceditur*². Iachimo himself sums it all up :

"I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus *mad*."

A passing fit of madness does not place a man beyond the pale of sympathy. Let us not close the gates of mercy on Posthumus ; or sneer at the reconciliation as one of those pious optimisms which every one hugs and no one believes in. They did live happily ever after. Imogen was Imogen.

The others are just the necessary counters of the game. Cymbeline, of course, is distressingly "uxorious" and rather ineffective, but he moves with a certain regal dignity. The Queen, a somewhat stagey person, fits in with the prevailing

¹ Swinburne.

²

"To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might."
(*Troilus and Cressida*, III. 2. 163, 164).

tone of intrigue. Cloten is just a brute ; a stupid, cowardly brute in the earlier part of the play ; a sharper-witted brute later under the stimulus of lust and wounded vanity ; but a brute. Pisanio, the faithful, stands for those normal, sensible folk who keep the world going. Iachimo is always compared with Iago : with such a name he could scarcely escape the comparison, and villains, especially the Italian variety, have a family resemblance. But Iachimo seems to me more of the soldier of fortune who takes on an adventure for the zest of daring and doing. He has less than Iago of the "motiveless malignity" which contemplates with cool satisfaction the victim's torture and regards it as a tribute to superior power. Iachimo shows up well at the end, when he does all he can to exonerate Posthumus over the making of the wager, and his weakness in accepting its results. His generosity of repentance redeems something of his villainy. We need not grudge Iachimo his share of the verdict :

"Pardon's the word to all."

DIRGE¹ IN CYMBELINE.

*Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

¹ As printed in the Oxford edition (1907) of Collins. It has much in common with his Ode on the death of the poet Thomson. Cf. too the Ode "How sleep the Brave!" Collins repeats himself a good deal in his slender output.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid ;
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman forces.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow 5
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so? 15

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare: I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself; 25
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time 35
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, 45
And in's spring became a harvest; lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved;

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress, 50
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me, 55
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge 60
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?
First Gent. Some twenty years.
Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange, 65
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at.
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.
First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys

That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king, 75
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [Exit.]

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband, 85
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain 95
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, 100
Though ink be made of gall

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ; 105
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have, 115
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.]
While sense can keep it on ! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you : for my sake wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [Putting a bracelet upon her arm.]

Imo. O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Post. Alack, the king !

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
If after this command thou fraught the court 126
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is. 130

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation :
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears. 135

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldest have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym.

What, art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me ! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !*Cym.*

Thou foolish thing ! 150

*Re-enter Queen.*They were again together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.*Queen.* Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort 155
Out of your best advice.*Cym.* Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly ! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.**Queen.* Fie ! you must give way.*Enter PISANIO.*

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.*Queen.* Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.*Queen.* I'm very glad on't.*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part. 165
To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir !
I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command : he would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleased you to employ me.

Queen.

This hath been

Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness. 175

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice : where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him? 6

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him ! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt. 10

Sec. Lord. [Aside] His steel was in debt ; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face. 115

First Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of your own : but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies !

Clo. I would they had not come between us. 20

Sec. Lord. [Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. 25

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. 30

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done !

Sec. Lord. [Aside] I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us ? 35

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven, And question'dst every sail : if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost, As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, "His queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left 15
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them,
but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had 25
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him, 30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady.

The queen, madam,

Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis.

Madam, I shall.

[Exeunt. 40

SCENE IV. *Rome. PHILARIO'S house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain : he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of : but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many
there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he. 11

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter—

wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you ? how creeps acquaintance ?

21

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton : let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine : how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

31

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended, —my quarrel was not altogether slight.

43

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 56

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 63

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at? 71

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for

the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep. 80

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring. 91

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation ; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 103

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse : though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted. 112

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 123

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay. 136

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer : if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

150

Iach. Your hand ; a covenant : we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam : [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—

6

My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death ;

But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
 Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
 Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
 To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,— 15
 Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, but none human, 20
 To try the vigour of them and apply
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather
 Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be 25
 But noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.
 [Aside] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
 Will I first work : he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio !
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended ; 30
 Take your own way.

Cor. [Aside] I do suspect you, madam ;
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [To Pisanio] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
 Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
 Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile ;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
 Then afterward up higher : but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes, 35
 More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit. 45

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think
 in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
 As great as is thy master ; greater, for
 His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
 Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being
 Is to exchange one misery with another ; 55
 And every day that comes comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops the box : Pisanio takes it up.*
 So much as but to prop him? Thou takest up 60
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour:
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know

What is more cordial : nay, I prithee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good 65
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king 70
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'l desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio

A sly and constant knave ; 75
Not to be shaked ; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so ; well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do : 85
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n, 5
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : bless'd be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome 10
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.
Imo. Thanks, good sir :
 You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [Aside] All of her that is out of door most rich ! 15
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; 20
 Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads] “He is one of the noblest note, to whose
 kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him
 accordingly, as you value your trust— LEONATUS.”

So far I read aloud:

25-

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.

30

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

35

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other : nor i' the judgment ; 40
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : nor i' the appetite ;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed. 45

40

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Jach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

50

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well. [To Pisanio] Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him : he

Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam. 56

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here 60
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces 65
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries “O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?” 70

Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope. 76
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

80

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

85

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do—

I was about to say—enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

90

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

95

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as

100

105

With labour; then lie peeping in an eye
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

110

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I
 Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
 Charms this report out.

115

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery
 Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
 As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

120

125

Imo. Revenged!
 How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
 As I have such a heart that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
 How should I be revenged?

130

Iach. Should he make me
 Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
 Whilst he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

135

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldest have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio !
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio !

140

145

150

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say :
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit.—Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er : and he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch
That he enchant's societies into him ;

155

160

165

Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, 170
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err : the love I bear him 175
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request, 180
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums 185
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange, 190
To have them in safe stowage : may it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,

195

Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

200

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

205

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [Exeunt.

5

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter CLOTEL and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed
the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a hundred
pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me
up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and
might not spend them at my pleasure.

5

First Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If his wit had been like him that broke
it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha? 11

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [Aside] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank! 15

Sec. Lord. [Aside] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match. 21

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to. 26

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say. 30

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. [Aside] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. 35

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages. 40

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. 46

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother 50

Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that

Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son

Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,

Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,

55

Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer

More hateful than the foul expulsion is

Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act

Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm 60

The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshaked

That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou mayst stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! [Exit.]

SCENE II. IMOGEN'S *bedchamber in CYMBELINE'S palace* : *a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading* ; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then : mine eyes are weak :

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye!

10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under those windows, white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
 To note the chamber: I will write all down:
 Such and such pictures; there the window; such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
 Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner movables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;

25

30

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !
"Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret 40
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus : here the leaf's turn'd down 45
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
One, two, three, Time, time ! 51

[Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S apartments.*

Enter CLOTEL and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win. 6

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not ?

First Lord. Day, my lord. 10

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : if you can penetrate her with your finger-ing, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it ; and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs 20

On chaliced flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes :

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise ; 25

Arise, arise !

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. [Exeunt Musicians.]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king. 31

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early ; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ? 37

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; 40
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself 45
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her, 50
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; 55
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress, 60
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt all except Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,

Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, oh!

[Knocks.

I know her women are about her: what 65
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief; 70
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
 Can it not do and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave.

[Knocks. 75

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay, 80

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;
 Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sistér, your sweet hand. 85

[*Exit Lady.*

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: 90
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal courtesy 95
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool? 100

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, 105
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against 110
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 115

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil 120
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him! 130

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio ! 135

Clo. "His garment"! Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. "His garment"!

Imo. I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually 140
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw't this morning: confident I am
 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: 145
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. "Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [Exit *Pisanio*.

Clo. You have abused me:

"His meanest garment"!

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
 If you will make't an action, call witness to't. 150

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
 She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be revenged:
 "His meanest garment"! Well. [Exit. 155

SCENE IV. *Rome. PHILARIO'S house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish 5
 That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
 Will do's commission throughly : and I think
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe— 10

Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
 The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,
 Now mingled with their courages, will make known
 To their approvers they are people such 20
 That mend upon the world. 25

Phi. See ! Iachimo !

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best ; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you. 35

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

40

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

45

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

50

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

55

60

To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find 65
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, 75
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing 85

Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, 95
[Showing the bracelet.]

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !
Once more let me behold it : is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir,—I thank her,—that ; 100
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she? 105
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,

Where there's another man : the vows of women
 Of no more bondage be to where they are made
 Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.
 O, above measure false !

Phi. Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
 It may be probable she lost it ; or 115
 Who knows if one o' her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stol'n it from her ?

Post. Very true ;
 And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring :
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 More evident than this ; for this was stol'n. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true : I am sure
 She would not lose it : her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable :—they induced to steal it 125
 And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoy'd her :
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this : she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
 There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient : 130
 This is not strong enough to be believed
 Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't.
Iach. If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast—
 Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud 135
 Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
 I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember

This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it. 140

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold. 145

Iach. I'll deny nothing,

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before
Her father: I'll do something— [Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself. 150

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another room in PHILARIO'S house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife 5

The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance !
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils !
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first ?—perchance he spoke not, but 15

found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A hall in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter, from one side, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords; from the other, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his' feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume 15
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag

Of "Came, and saw, and overcame :" with shame—
 The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried 25
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping—
 Poor ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
 O giglot Fortune !—to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars : other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 38

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say I am one ; but I have a hand. Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know, 45
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from's, we were free : Cæsar's ambition,
 Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
 The side o' the world, against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon's ; which to shake off 50
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise 55
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry; Mulmutius made our
laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, 60
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look 65
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce, 70
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them. •

Luc. Let proof speak. 75
Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in
other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you
beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure,
our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir. 81
Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, "Welcome." [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another room in the palace.*

Enter PISANIO, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd 5
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truths, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, 15
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] "Do't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:" O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble, 20
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord. 25

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord. Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer

That knew the stars as I his characters ;
 He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
 Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
 That we two are asunder ; let that grieve him :
 Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love ; of his content,
 All but in that ! Good wax, thy leave : bless'd be 35
 You bees that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike :
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods ! 39

[Reads.] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
 me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O
 the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.
 Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven : what
 your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
 wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and
 your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
 He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs 50
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ? Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st,—
 O, let me bate,—but not like me ;—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind ;—O, not like me ; 55
 For mine's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick ;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford : and by the way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as 60

To inherit such a haven : but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse : but first, how get hence :
Why should excuse be born or ere begot? 65
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man, 70
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery :
Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
She'll home to her father : and provide me presently 75
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee ; 80
Do as I bid thee : there's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford-way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; then GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through 5
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good Morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill, 10
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: 15
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine, 25
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you 30
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age: but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of 35
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries, 45
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
 I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story 55

The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing,—as I have told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd 66
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment: and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world: 70
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast; 75
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king; 80
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and, though train'd up thus
meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much 85

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
 Into my story: say, “Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck ;” even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal, 95
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused !
 O Cymbeline ! heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon, 100
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes ;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave : 105
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Country near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
 place

Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now. Pisano ! man !
 Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherfore breaks that sigh 5

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him, 15
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And, you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [Reads] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal." 30

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie 35
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave

This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him? 40
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo, 45
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; 50
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd: to pieces with me! O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows, 55
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus, 60
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look! 65
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then. 100

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this p'lace?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam, 115
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: 120
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

125

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,— 130

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then? 135
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad 140
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be 145
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear 150
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness— 155
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek, 160
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief : 165
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you, in their serving, 170
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless 175
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away : 180

There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell, 185
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best! 190

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *A room in CYMBELINE's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness: The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business; But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen, Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day: she looks us like A thing more made of malice than of duty: We have noted it. Call her before us; for We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir, Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her. 40

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, 45
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court 50
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. 55
[Exit Cloten.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her; 60
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end

Can make good use of either: she being down
I have the placing of the British crown.

65

Re-enter CLOTEL.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit.]

Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal, 70
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on 75
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What; are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!—
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain, 85
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once, 95
At the next word: no more of "worthy lord";
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.]
Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [Aside] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!
Pis. [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! 105

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo
those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee
with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid
thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think
thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means
for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment. 114

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine: wilt thou serve me?

120

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

125

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[Exit.]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

145

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true, preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

[*Exit.* 153]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *Wales: before the cave of BELARIUS.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tired myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, 5 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10 A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!

15

10

Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee 15
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?
 Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy 25
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [Goes into the cave.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: 30
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down-pillow hard. Now, peace be here, 35
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on
 that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in.

[*Looking into the cave.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

40

Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

45

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon

50

As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

55

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

60

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

65

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard but be your groom: in honesty,
 I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort 70
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him
 After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
 If brothers. [Aside] Would it had been so, that they 75
 Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
 Been less, and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be, 79
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
 That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,— 85
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 90
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
 welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

5

10

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

15

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the cave of BELARIUS.**Enter CLOTEN.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,—the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Before the cave of BELARIUS.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well: remain here in the
cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

5

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
Tō seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

10

Stealing so poorly.

15

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,

20

"My father, not this youth."

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !

25

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, loved before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
I have heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprovest report !

The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish

35

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick : Pisano,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.]

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

40

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !

We'll leave you for this time : go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

45

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[Exit Imogen into the cave.]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots in char-
acters ;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick, 50
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix 55
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine ! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away ! Who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me : I am faint.

Bel. "Those runagates" !
Means he not us ? I partly know him : 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush. 65
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws : hence !

Gui. He is but one : you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him. [Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clo. Soft ! What are you 70

That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui.

A thing

More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A "slave" without a knock.

Clo.

Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

75

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo.

Thou villain base,

80

Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui.

No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo.

Thou precious varlet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui.

Hence, then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; 85
I am loth to beat thee.

Clo.

Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui.

What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider, 90
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo.

To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui.

I am sorry for't; not seeming

So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise: 95
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting. 100

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice, 105
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment 110
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTHES'S head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none: 115
Yet I not doing this, the fool hath borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore 120
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods !—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law 125
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved, 135
To bring him here alone : although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance 145

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en 150
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged :
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though valour 155
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done : 161
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him 165
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

175

180

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return.

185

[Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st
mother

190

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

195

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead,
in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare 205
Might easiest harbour in ? Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made ; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at ; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps : 215
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave !

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices 235
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee; 240
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And, though he came our enemy, remember 245
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe, 250
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

256

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. . So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust. 275

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have; 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTHENE.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces. 285
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*]

Imo. [Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night: faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft; no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses! 295

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300

Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

305

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;

His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;

310

The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—

Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,

315

Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,

320

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

And left thy head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

325

And cordial to me, have I not found it

Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:

This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's: O!

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood

330

That we the horrider may seem to those

Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

[*Throws herself on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships: 335
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends— 350
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! 355
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems 361
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest 365
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas! 370
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than 375
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aside] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: 380
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner 385
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
 And on it said a century of prayers, 391
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
 And leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
 And rather father thee than master thee. 395
 My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son, [Exit an Attendant.]
 A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen 5
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure and 10

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness, 15
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[To *Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent. 25

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready: 30
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away! 35

[*Exeunt all except Pisanio.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain 40
Perplex'd in all : the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true, to be true :
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd : 45
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the cave of BELARIUS.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd 10
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have lived ; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you, 15
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves; 25
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so, 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never 35
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining

So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not, 45
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I : amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys ! 50
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead. [Aside] The time seemis long ; their blood
thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

Enter Posthumus with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wryng but a little ! O Pisanio ! 5
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond but to do just ones. Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift. 15
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey! I am brought hither.
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! 20
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die 25
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A field between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit. 10

The battle continues ; the Britons fly ; CYMBELINE is taken : then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Gu., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

*Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue
Cymbeline, and all exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius,
Iachimo, and Imogen.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such 15
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, 15
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved

So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter; 20
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
“Our Britain’s harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand; 25
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!” These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing,—with this word, “Stand, stand,”
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn’d
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew’d; that some, turn’d coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war, 36
Damn’d in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o’ the hunters. Then began
A stop i’ the chaser, a retire; anon 40
A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop’d eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o’ the need: having found the back-door open 45
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O’er-borne i’ the former wave: ten, chas’d by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ; 60
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You've put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you're angry.
[Exit *Lord.*]

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, "what news," of me! 65
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster, 70
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again 75
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman great the answer be
 Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death; 80
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels. 85

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
 But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds 90
 Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: he brags his service
 As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
 ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, and Roman Captives.
 The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who
 delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks
 upon you;
 So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather 5
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy, 15
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake: 25
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds: O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS
LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired
like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron,
his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before
them; then, after other music, follow the two young

LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges. 30

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw? 35

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir. 50

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

60

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

65

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

70

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

75

80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

85

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity. 90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, 95
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
 Upon your never-withering bank of flowers :
 Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;
 No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours. 100
 Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in 105
 Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade !—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine : 110
 And so, away ! no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and
begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but—O scorn!— 125
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects 135
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads. "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty."]

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy. 145

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir : if you be ready
 for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the
 dish pays the shot. 156

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the
 comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear
 no more tavern-bills ; which are often the sadness of parting,
 as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of
 meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you
 have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ;
 purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for
 being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness :
 of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O the charity
 of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you
 have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is,
 and to come, the discharge : your neck, sir, is pen, book,
 and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live. 170

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
 toothache : but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and
 a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change
 places with his officer ; for, look' you, sir, you know not
 which way you shall go. 175

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them. 185

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 190

Post. Thou bringest good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. 203

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. CYMBELINE'S *tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found: 5 He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised naught But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus.*

By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time 15 To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! 25

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err: who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd. 35

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison. 45

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you : in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work 55
Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
ere not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
that thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious 65
to have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
that it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
and prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day 75

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had 85
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
Sofeat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he hath served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore, 95
To say "Live, boy :" ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, 105
 He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldest thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more: think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend? 111

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please 115
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
 I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another 120
 Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
 Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
 Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure 125
 He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [Aside] "Tis my mistress:
 Since she is living, let the time run on
 To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
 Make thy demand aloud. [To *Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
 Give answer to this boy, and do it freely; 131
 Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
 Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
 Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render 135
 Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
 How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'l torture me to leave unspoken that
 Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
 Which torments me to conceal. By villany
 I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
 Whom thou did'st banish; and—which more may grieve
 thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived 145
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
 I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will 151
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accursed
 The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would 155
 Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
 Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus—

What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,160
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,165
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye,—

Cym.

I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldest grieve quickly. This Posthumus170
 Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover, took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
 He was as calm as virtue,—he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,175
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,180
 And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring185
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it 190
Been all the worth o' s car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd 195
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks 205
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [Coming forward] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I 215
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,

A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen! 220
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.

Pis. O, gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus! 230
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress? 235

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen. 240

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [To Guiderius and Arviragus.]

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me 275
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour; what became of him 285
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I've spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head; 295
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [To the Guard] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier, 306
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on's are as good 311
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then! 315
By leave,—thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banish'd man;

I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence: 320

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee: 325

Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;

Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd 335

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—

For such and so they are—these twenty years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment: I moved her to't,

Having received the punishment before,

For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty

Excited me to treason: their dear loss,

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped .

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose 345

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce. 360

Bel. This is he ; 365
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Bless'd pray you be,370
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter

But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive? 385
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies, 390
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting 395
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd, 401
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,

I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought, 405
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo : I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again : [Kneeling.
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but your ring first ; 415
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you is to spare you ;
The malice towards you to forgive you : live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd ! 420
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer : as I slept, methought 426
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing 430

Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmonus,—*

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. *Read, and declare the meaning.* 434

Sooth. [Reads] “Whenas a lion’s whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.” 441

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:

[To Cymbeline] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: [To Posthumus] which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp’d about 450
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp’d branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol’n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived, 455
To the majestic cedar join’d; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin : and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising 460
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune 465
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft, 470
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd ; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ; 475
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march : 480
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

G. = *Glossary*. Several other abbreviations used sometimes in the *Notes* are explained at the beginning of the *Glossary*, in which they occur more frequently. They should be observed; see p. 172.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

This introductory scene gives much information about the *dramatis personae* and the general position. It also strikes one of the key-notes of the play—the evil of court-life. This is a link with the earlier comedy, *As You Like It*, and the “romance” closely associated with *Cymbeline*, namely *The Winter’s Tale*. Brandes says: “As in *Cymbeline*, the court is here [*Winter’s T.*] placed in contrast with idyllic life, and shown as the abode of cruelty, stupidity, and vice.”

1-3. ‘Our temperaments (or moods) are not more dependent on the heavens than the looks of our courtiers depend on the king,’ i.e. if he smiles they smile etc.; cf. lines 12-15.

the heavens; perhaps with the special astrological idea of the “influence” of the heavenly bodies; but I think that it may mean more simply the effect which the varying aspects of the sky (e.g. sunshine) exercise on men’s spirits.

king; a generally accepted correction of the Folio’s reading *kings*’, where the *s* may easily have come from the termination of the two previous lines.

24. *endows*; singular in agreement with the sense—‘the combination of such external and internal merits.’

but he; for the neglect of the inflexion cf. a passage like *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 103, 104:

“And to poor we

Thine enmity’s most capital”;

or (less certainly) *Macbeth*, III. 4. 14 “’Tis better thee without than he within.” So *who for whom*, III. 3. 87.

25-27. *extend*; carrying on the idea of “far” in 24: ‘if I speak him far (i.e. praise him highly), I still keep well within the limits of his excellence.’ Cf. I. 4. 18.

29. *his honour*, his honourable services; his feats as a warrior.

31. *Tenantius*, father of Cymbeline.

33. *sur-addition*; extra title; see *addition* in G.

It is one of Shakespeare's Plutarch touches. Plutarch gives a full account and many illustrations of the custom among the Greeks and Romans of giving such "additions" or "surnames."

"Even so did the Grecians in old time give additions to princes, by reason of some notable act worthy memory. As when they have called some Soter and Callinicos, as much to say as saviour and conqueror. Or else of some notable apparent mark on one's face, or on his body, they have called him...Grypos; as ye would say, hook-nosed [see III. 1. 36, 37, note]; or else for some virtue, as Euergetes and Philadelphes, to wit, a benefactor, and lover of his brethren....And some kings have had surnames of jest and mockery."

The obvious Shakespearian instance of such an "addition" is "Coriolanus," whom we know simply as Caius Marcius till the taking of Corioli:

"and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Bear
The addition nobly ever!" (I. 9. 63-66).

- 37. *fond of*, desirous of; *very anxious to have*.
- 39. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. 1. 131.
- 41. *Posthumus*; as having been born after his father's death; a posthumous child.

49. *A glass*; cf. *Hamlet*, III. 1. 161, "The glass of fashion and the mould of form" (Ophelia's description of Hamlet). So in *2 Hen. IV*. II. 3. 21, 22:

"he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

feated, made them *feat* (see G.), i.e. shaped, fashioned them into trimness; they took him as their model in manners, etc.

86, 87. "I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty"—*Johnson*.

91. *this jewel*; her husband; a gesture makes plain her meaning. Perhaps the metaphor is suggested unconsciously by what follows (112 *et seq.*).

101. *ink...gall*. "Ox-gall was actually one of the constituents of Elizabethan ink, as is shown by contemporary receipts for making it"—*Herford*. Cf. the quibble in *Twelfth Night*, III. 2. 52, 53, "Let there be gall enough in thy ink" (i.e. bitterness).

105, 106. i.e. Cymbeline is so enslaved to his wife that every time she offends him he does her some fresh favour to win back her affection.

116. *sear*, wither, blight; but what follows ("bonds of death") suggests a quibbling reference to the *cere*-cloths (i.e. waxed linen shrouds) in which the dead were wrapped—*Steevens*.

117, 118. *thou...it*; speaking first *to* and then *of* the ring; the transition occurs easily in the interval during which she puts the ring on his finger and looks up at him. *sense*, feeling, sensation.

121. *win of*, have the advantage of.

125, 126. *avoid...fraught*; see each in G.

128. *Thou'rt poison to my blood*. So Claudius says of Hamlet, "For like the hectic in my blood he rages" (iv. 3. 68).

129. *the good remainders*; those who remain behind and are so superior to me (ironical).

131-150. King Lear and Cordelia in the first scene of the tragedy?

The dialogue-form, resembling the stichomythia of the early plays, e.g. *Richard III*, is noticeable.

135. *a touch more rare*, viz. love of her husband and grief at his absence. *Touch*, like *sense* is a comprehensive word in S.; it sometimes means 'feeling, sensation,' the context defining the particular feeling.

137. *Past grace*? "Although most of the scenes are laid in Britain before the Christian era, there is no pretence of historical vraisemblance. With an almost ludicrous inappropriateness the British king's courtiers make merry with technical terms peculiar to Calvinistic theology, like 'grace' and 'election'"—Lee. See 1. 2. 24, 25. *grace*; in its religious sense, 'favour of God' and so 'pardon.'

140. *puttock*, kite; contemptuous.

146, 147. i.e. she is worth only half the price he pays for her.

149. Like Perdita in the neighbouring play, *The Winter's Tale*.

155, 156. *make yourself some comfort*, find solace in reflection over the whole matter.

160. *Pisanio*; the Shakespearian type of faithful servant.

167. *Macbeth*, III. 4. 104.

Scene 2.

The scene with its ironical "asides" of the Second Lord and somewhat thin banter resembles *The Tempest*, II. 1. So again II. 1.

8. *passable*, affording free passage through; with a quibble, perhaps, on *pass* in its fencing sense='a thrust at an adversary.'

11, 12. The metaphor of a debtor who slinks through back-streets to escape notice.

27, 28. *go not together*, are not equal—on a par, as we say.

she's a good sign...wit. She has a “fair outward show,” but lacks wit. “It should be remembered, that anciently almost every sign [of an inn] had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it”—*Steevens.* For the drift of the remark cf. I. 6. 15—18.

Scene 3.

3, 4. “The loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal”—*Steevens.*

9, 10. *this*; emphasised by the gesture of pointing; the Folios have *his*, due probably to *he* (twice) and *him*, occurring in the two lines.

24. *With his next vantage*, at the earliest opportunity.

29. *shes*, women; cf. I. 6. 39, and *As You Like It*, III. 2. 9, 10:
“Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.”

So *he*=‘man,’ e.g. in *Romeo and Juliet*, v. I. 66, 67:

“Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s law
Is death to any he that utters them.”

32. *encounter me*, meet me reciprocally.

33. *I am in heaven for him*; “my solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf”—*Steevens.*

35. *charming*, which should act like a charm, i.e. in protecting him, e.g. ‘fare well!’

Scene 4.

1. Philario has been praising Posthumus, and his friends show a touch of jealousy.

2. *crescent note*, growing reputation.

The affected euphuistic style is that of the courtier Osric in *Hamlet*. It is satirised in *Twelfth Night*, III. I. 76-102.

8. *makes him*; is the *making* of him—as we say.

14. *words him...from the matter*, gives him a notoriety beyond his real merits.

16-21. A fantastic way of saying that the partisans of Imogen will exaggerate the merits of Posthumus, in order to justify her marrying beneath her rank.

19, 20. *without less quality*; the reduplication of the negative idea in phrases denoting want is common in Shakespeare and similar to his use of double negatives for emphasis. *quality*, qualifications, qualities to recommend him.

35. *atone*, reconcile; see G.

40, 41. *rather shunned to go even*. This seems to mean ‘was less disposed to judge things for myself than to follow the experience of others, the beaten track.’ But does he picture himself as modest, or presumptuous with the self-confidence of youth?

Furness paraphrases: “rather than appear to be guided by others’ experience, I avoided giving assent to what I heard.”

45. *confounded*; a stronger word than; ‘destroyed.’ Cf. *confusion* (‘ruin’), III. 1. 64.

50. *suffer the report*, bear repeating. This leads up to the wager.

54, 55. *constant-qualified*, of a constant (i.e. faithful) quality.

63. *friend*, lover; a common Elizabethan euphemism. The contrast is between the rhapsody of a lover and the graver, more measured, eulogy of a worshipper.

81. *in title*, nominally.

83, 84. i.e. it is so with your articles esteemed priceless: one (the woman) is but frail, the other (the ring) subject to accidents, e.g. liable to be lost or stolen.

88. *to convince the honour*, to overcome the chastity. For the verb cf. *Macbeth*, I. 7. 64, IV. 3. 142. Lat. *con*, implying ‘wholly’ + *vincere*, ‘to conquer.’

93. *signior*; the Shakespearian form of Mod. Ital. *signor* (Lat. *senior*).

104. *abused*, mistaken in your assurance. See G.

113, 114. *put...on the approbation*, staked on making good.

124. *You are afraid*. F. has a *Friend*, which might possibly mean: ‘you are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard’ (by wagering your diamond)—Johnson. But the correction is generally adopted; it anticipates “you fear.”

126. *religion*; used sometimes with the idea ‘religious fidelity, conscientious devotion.’

131. *undergo*, undertake, perform; cf. III. 5. 109.

136. i.e. I forbid the wager.

141, 142. *provided I have* etc., provided you give me an introduction to her and the Court which will ensure my reception.

143. *articles*, a formal agreement; “a covenant” 151)... .

Scene 5.

5. *Cornelius*. Shakespeare's doctors are not a numerous body. I suppose the one we know best is Lady Macbeth's. Cerimon in *Pericles* talks something like Cornelius (e.g. in III. 2. 26-38): Shakespeare's elder daughter married a well-known doctor (Hall) of Stratford. Cornelius was the name of a physician to the Emperor Charles V (*Shakespeare's England*, 1916, I. 426 "Medicine").

15. *confections*; cf. v. 5. 246; a euphemism useful to the Queen's purpose.

18. *conclusions*, experiments.

22. *act*, action, operation.

33-44. Johnson considered this soliloquy "very inartificial," i.e. introduced without sufficient naturalness of motive, merely to give information which will be useful later on, and to prepare us. Garrick omitted it in stage performances. (F.)

41. A little like *Comus*, 659-661, where the magician is speaking:

"Nay, Lady, sit: if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue."

47. *quench*, grow cool in her love.

68. *Think what a chance*; "think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service"—*Steevens*. *Changest* is sometimes altered, needlessly, to *chancest*.

77. *remembrancer*; a quasi-legal term; there used to be three officers of State, so-called. (F.)

77, 78. *to hold the hand-fast*, to keep her marriage-engagement.

80. A *lieger* or ambassador "is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest." Pisanio discharges this duty for Posthumus in reference to Imogen. *lieger*; see G.

sweet, sweetheart (Posthumus).

Scene 6.

7. *glorious*, eager for glory. She draws the conventional contrast between the anxieties of the ambitious and the content of the lowly.

9. *Which seasons comfort*, which thing (viz. the attainment of their innocent wishes) gives a relish to happiness. S. often uses *season* in the culinary sense, 'to add a *seasoning to*', hence 'to make palatable.'

17. *the Arabian bird*, i.e. the phœnix; the mythical bird anciently supposed to exist in Arabia. According to legend, only one phœnix was alive at a time; “*unica semper avis*,” says Ovid, *Amores*, II. 6. 54; cf. *Paradise Lost*, V. 272, “A phœnix...that sole bird.” And it sat upon one particular tree, of which there was only one specimen; cf. “On the sole Arabian tree,” *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, 2. The fullest classical account of the phœnix is in Pliny’s *Natural History*, X. 2.

20. “Favourite tactics of the Parthians was to retreat, and fire arrows in so doing—hence, a *Parthian shot or shaft*.”

24. It is to be inferred that she omits some concluding sentence of the letter, intended only for her own eye, and ends abruptly with her husband’s name. To avoid the abruptness, some read “*your truest Leonatus*.” But *trust*=‘obligations as a married woman’ gives good sense. (F.)

31–37. A hint, developed later, that Posthumus has been unfaithful to his wife.

32. *this vaulted arch*; a *Hamlet* echo: “this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire” (II. 2. 311–313).

the rich crop; “the rich harvest which the eye gathers in, consisting of sea and land”—*Furness*.

34, 35. Illustrated by *King Lear*, IV. 6. 20, 21, part of the famous description of Dover beach:

“the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes.”

twinn’d, as like as twins; surely a most natural epithet of pebbles on the shore. *number’d*; literally ‘full of numbers’ (i.e. of stones).

Theobald proposed here to borrow *th’ unnumber’d* from the *Lear* passage. Some of his corrections of the text of Shakespeare—notably the immortal “and ‘a babbled of green fields’ in *Henry V*. II. 3. 15, 16, and *shoal for school* in *Macbeth*, I. 7. 6—are the admitted master-strokes of emendational inspiration. But this particular change does not justify itself: one feels that it was dictated by the closely parallel passage. Contrast his correction in II. 2. 49 (*bare* for *beare*).

36. *spectacles*=“eyes” in 31, i.e. natural organs of vision, not artificial (*Coriolanus*, II. I. 222).

37. *admiration*, astonishment; see G.

38. *It*; the fault which he has in mind; infidelity.

39. *shes*; cf. I. 3. 29. *this way*, i.e. in the direction of Imogen, as a sign that they preferred her.

40, 41. *mows*, grimaces. *favour*, face. See each word in G.

43-45. i.e. Lust itself, after beholding the graces of Imogen, would turn away in utter disgust from a woman to whom the term "sluttish" is applicable.

But the compliment, if you analyse it, is more apparent than real. He is speaking, however, in an intentionally forced style, which contrasts, designedly, with her absolute simplicity.

50. *raps*, transports; see G.

51, 52. *desire my man's abode*, i.e. please go and desire my man to abide: "bid my servant stay"—*Herford*.

53. *strange and peevish*; "he is a foreigner [cf. 191], and easily fretted"—*Johnson*. See *peevish* in G.

Of course, Iachimo merely wants to get Pisanio out of the way.

58. *pleasant*; in its common Shakespearian sense 'facetious, merry'; echoing "mirth" (57).

61, 62. Like Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* (I. 1).

65, 66. *As You Like It*, II. 7. 147, 148 (the description of the lover, "sighing like furnace," in the "Seven Ages of Man").

67. *lungs*; formerly regarded as the seat of spontaneous laughter. "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer," *As You Like It*, II. 7. 30.

69. *proof*, experience; cf. III. 3. 27.

78. *In himself, 'tis much*. "If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife [*and such a wife*], his conduct would be unpardonable"—*Malone*. But '*tis much* may refer to "bounty," meaning that heaven has bestowed personal graces and gifts on Posthumus, of which he ought to make a better use.

80, 81. *bound*, i.e. bound to wonder at and pity Posthumus' inability to appreciate her.

94-97. Involved in expression, but not, I think, obscure in sense. It expresses in four lines the substance of forty lines in *Richard II*. II. 2. 1-40. See again III. 3. 49.

98. *What both you spur and stop*; "What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold"—*Mason*: the metaphor of a horseman who frets his steed (as Iachimo frets her) by spurring it and reining it in.

106, 107. Meaning that "falsehood" has become with these outcasts a "labour," i.e. profession.

111. *Encounter*, i.e. with punishment.

120. *Would make*, i.e. *that would make*; this idiom occurs often.

121. *hired with that self exhibition* = “upon your purse” (134).

self, *selfsame*. *exhibition*, the allowance of money which Imogen makes to her husband; see G.

151. *Romish*; used by Elizabethans for *Roman*.

161. *most worthiest*; double comparatives and superlatives as a form of emphasis are very common in Shakespeare, like double negatives (III. 3. 28). Cf. “*most coldest*” (II. 3. 2).

165. *witch*, sorcerer; formerly not limited to the female sex. (F.)

168. *descended*; so the Second Folio; *defended* in the First. The line recalls the picture of Coriolanus in angry exile (v. 1. 63).

176. *fan*, sift.

ACT II.

Scene 1.

1, 2. “He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. ‘To kiss the jack’ is a state of great advantage”—Johnson. Bowls was a favourite Elizabethan game and its terms are often introduced figuratively, e.g. in *Richard II*. III. 4. 3-5. Bowling-alleys were proverbial for their gambling and cheating: hence much censured by Elizabethan moralists. See *Shakespeare’s England*, 1916, II. 465, 498.

The “*jack*” (or white ball aimed at) was also called “the *mistress*”: hence many quibbles in Elizabethan works.

up-cast, a throw; the other player has knocked Cloten’s bowl away.

23. *with your comb on*. “The allusion is to a fool’s cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock’s”—Johnson. It is a veiled way of calling Cloten a coxcomb. The Second Lord evidently enjoys his own facetiousness; cf. 12, 13 (quibbling on “*curtail*”) and 16 (“*smelt*,” taking up “rank”). Cock-fighting had a great vogue in Elizabethan England. See the account in *Shakespeare’s England*, 1916, II. 434-436. Henry VIII built the royal cock-pit in St James’s Park, and it was also used for dramatic performances. The Globe Theatre is termed “this cock-pit” in the Prologue of *Henry V*, from its circular shape.

26. *companion*; contemptuous, like “*fellow*”; see G.

46. *issues*; actions; the use is said to be peculiar to S.

Scene 2.

We have here a good illustration how a change of scene was indicated in the Elizabethan theatre by the simple expedient of pushing on the stage, or taking off, some movable piece of furniture, like a bed or a "bank" of flowers (*Hamlet*, III. 2. 146, stage-direction). The Folio, which does not mark changes of scene like modern texts, has the stage-direction, "Enter Imogen, in her Bed." "This abrupt method of changing the scene was often employed to indicate a bed-room"—*Shakespeare's England*, 1916, II. 270. The study of stage-directions is a feature of modern Shakespearian scholarship. They throw much light on the actual production of plays in the Elizabethan theatre.

1. Brutus reading in his tent before the ghost of Cæsar appears (*Julius Cæsar*, IV. 3. 273, 274, 276).

5. Lady Macbeth (v. 1) in the sleep-walking scene.

11-14. *Macbeth*, II. 1. 55; II. 2. 16.

the rushes; with which, of course, Elizabethan floors were strewn. It is scarcely necessary to refer to Shakespeare's own poem *Lucrece*.

14. Likening her to Venus ("Cytherea," from Cythera, one of the Ionian Islands, sacred to Venus).

18. *do't*, i.e. kiss each other. *They* (emphatic), the lips, do that which he dare not attempt.

22, 23. *Macbeth* again (II. 3. 118), but with a pleasanter context; see also IV. 2. 222.

26. *arras*, tapestry hangings on the walls; see G.

27. *the story*, i.e. represented on the arras; we learn later what it was (II. 4. 69-76).

34. *Gordian*; see G.

37, 38. From Boccaccio; see *Introduction*.

38, 39. *crimson drops...cowslip*. The Fairy sings in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. 1. 6-13:

"I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours."

45. It is thought that Shakespeare himself read the story (see

Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 42-49) of Tereus and Procne in the translation (bk. vi.) of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Arthur Golding. This has been described as "one of Shakespeare's best-loved books in youth." To it he owed much of his classical lore in general; with certain special items, such as the "interlude" of "Pyramus and Thisbe" (*Midsummer-N. D.*), the ingredients of the Witches' cauldron in *Macbeth* iv. 1, and "Ye elves of hills" passage in *The Tempest*, v. 33.

48. *you dragons of the night*. So Puck warns Oberon (*Midsummer-N. D.*) iii. 2. 378-380 :

" My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger."

In classical writers only Demeter (or Ceres), goddess of the Earth, is represented as being drawn in her chariot by dragons (i.e. winged serpents, supposed not to sleep); cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 497, 561, 562. The chariot of Night (personified) is yoked with horses; cf. Statius, *Thebais*, ii. 60, *sopor obvius illi | Noctis agebat equos*. So Milton speaks of "the Night-steeds," *Nativity Ode*, 236. Minute accuracy in such matters is not to be required of a poet. Milton often varies mythology to suit his purpose; for instance, he gives the Moon a dragon-team (*Il Penseroso*, 59, 60, *Comus*, 131). The word *dragon* (Gk. δράκων) comes from a root 'to see.'

49. *bare*, lay bare, open; one of Theobald's changes; the Folio has *beare*, only a difference of one letter. The raven was supposed to be a *very* early bird. Iachimo prays for daylight, so that he may be off.

50. *hell is here*; explained surely by "I lodge in fear." His sense of the danger of his situation is put in an exaggerated form simply to get the antithesis with the first part of the line. The idea that he is suddenly conscience-stricken and means his own breast by *here* seems to me fantastic.

Clock strikes; and its time, as the vigilant Malone observes, does not agree very well with line 2. But no one marks these discrepancies till they are pointed out.

Scene 3.

16. *good-conceited*, well-devised, fanciful; *conceit* is a very interesting word in Shakespeare, but often hard to define precisely: a leading general sense is 'imagination, fancy, device.'

18. *Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.* Shakespeare "lifted" this pretty touch from Llyl's play *Alexander and Campaspe*, v. i :

"Who is't now we hear?

None but the lark so shrill and clear;

Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark."

And here the debt is even franker than in *Sonnet xxix. 10-12*:

"Haply I think on thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Milton (*Par. Lost*, v. 198) followed Shakespeare, but with one of those minute changes (the elimination of *s*) which show his fastidious ear:

"ye Birds

That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise"

(part of the Morning-hymn of Adam and Eve).

Llyl did much for Elizabethan literature alike in the development of courtly comedy and witty dialogue, and in the general refinement of the language. Shakespeare owed almost as much to Llyl in comedy (*Midsummer-N. D.* being an obvious illustration) as to Marlowe in tragedy.

19-21. i.e. the sun drinks up the morning dew. "It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*"—Johnson.

lies; if we are sticklers for grammar we may consider this an example of the "northern" plural; but in sense "springs" is singular (i.e. moisture, dew).

22. *Mary-buds*, the buds of the garden marigold, whose petals close or open with the sun; as Perdita says in her flower-catalogue (*The Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 105, 106):

"The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun
And with him rises weeping."

Elizabethan poets are fond of this pretty fancy; it is a convenient metaphor to describe the relations of a lover to his mistress, or of court-favourites to their master (*Sonnet xxv*).

27. *consider*, pay you for.

29. *horse-hairs and calves'-guts*; “fiddle-bow and fiddle-strings” —*Herford*.

45. *prefer*, recommend; cf. IV. 2. 386.

45-47. ‘Devote yourself to formal courtship of her, and take advantage of every opportunity of pressing your suit.’

52. *you are senseless*, you must pretend not to understand her. Cloten misunderstands and resents “senseless.”

59. *extend our notice*, show him particular attention in return for his past goodness to us.

68. *Diana*. “Queen and huntress, chaste and fair.” The “rangers” (likened to park-rangers or game-keepers) are her attendant nymphs; here Imogen’s “women.”

69. *stand*; “particularly applied to the station of huntsmen waiting for game”—*Schmidt*. The country-bred Shakespeare had a thorough knowledge of sport and its terms. Cf. III. 4. 108. See *Shakespeare's England*, chap. xxvii.

77-79. *tailors*; glancing at the stock-joke—“a tailor made thee” (*King Lear*, II. 2. 60). See again IV. 2. 81-83.

92. *This is no answer*. Almost Claudius’s retort: “I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet” (III. 2. 101).

100. *Fools are not mad folks*. I think that this only means ‘I may be *mad* (cf. 98), but at any rate I am not what is worse, a fool’—as Cloten is. Such badinage is often hard to follow, and not meant to be analysed too closely. Some change *are to cure*, anticipating line 103.

105. *By being so verbal*, i.e. “by his open protestations of love”—*Herford*.

111-120. The reasoning which Laertes urges with Ophelia, when he warns her that Hamlet cannot marry her (I. 3).

Johnson has here one of his admirable criticisms, viz. that the speech is not consistent with the previous picture of Cloten as a duffer who “cannot take two from twenty” (II. 1. 53).

“His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched” (i.e. by Imogen).

The character of Cloten seems to lack the normal Shakespearian homogeneity; and the defect is one of the things that have been held to indicate that the composition of *Cymbeline* was not normal.

117, 118. *On whom*, i.e. *with those on whom*. *self-figured*, self-made.

122. *A hilding for*, a low fellow, only fit to wear a menial's livery. *hilding*; see G. She retorts in 132.

123. *pantler*, keeper of the pantry (literally the place where bread, F. *pain*, Lat. *panis*, was stored).

127, 128. *made comparative for*, thought adequate to.

130. *south*; the quarter whence in Shakespeare's time pestilences and illnesses were supposed to come; such as are enumerated in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 20-28. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 4. 30, "All the contagion of the south light on you!" The idea arose, presumably, from the fact that the south, especially the south-west, wind is enervating and rain-bringing (cf. "spongy," IV. 2. 349). The east was regarded as the health-giving quarter: hence the popular belief in the peculiar excellence of the water of eastward-flowing springs (*Samson Agonistes*, 547, 548). Eastward used to be a favourite aspect for houses.

138. *sprited*, haunted.

150. *an action*; with the legal idea of taking action for redress.

152. *my good lady*, my good friend; ironical.

155. "*His meanest garment!*" The sting rankles, and leads to trouble (III. 5).

Scene 4.

6. If these doubtful hopes are realised Posthumus can still barely repay the kindness of Philario, and if they fail he must remain his debtor.

16. *statist*, statesman, politician; *Hamlet*, v. 2. 33. An obsolete sense, the word now being limited to the use 'one who deals in statistics, a statistician.'

22. *their lack of skill*. A Holinshed echo: "the British nation was then vnskilfull, and not trained to feats of arms, for the Britons then being onelie vsed to the Picts and Irish enimies, people halfe naked, through lacke of skill easilie gaue place to the Romans force"—*Stone*.

24. *mingled*; printed *wing-led* in the Folio; and the "wings" have been variously pictured as those of an army or of the Roman standards (eagles). Devotion to the Folio sometimes savours of fanaticism. (F.)

25, 26. *their approvers*, those who test them. *mend upon the world*, get the upper hand of others.

27-29. Perhaps Shakespeare's way of excusing his "offence

against one of the unities [i.e. of place], in the precipitate return of Iachimo from the court of Cymbeline"—*Steevens*. The wording is a little reminiscent of *The Merchant of Venice*, II. 7. 39, 40, and *Macbeth*, I. 3. 33.

30. *your answer*, i.e. from Imogen.

61. *circumstances*, circumstantial report; the details which he can give.

66. "Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition"—*Johnson*.

68. *watching*, lying awake for.

69-72. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 2. 191-218 (Cleopatra's first meeting with Antony).

Shakespeare, of course, took that description from the *Life of Antony* in North's *Plutarch*, the work which furnished him with the materials (and not a few passages) of his Roman plays, and which shares with Golding's translation of Ovid (see II. 2. 45, note) the honour of having supplied most of his knowledge of the classics.

83. *So likely to report themselves*, so lifelike that you might have expected them to speak. 'A speaking likeness,' as we say. *Lively* for *likely* is quite a needless change.

83-85. i.e. the sculptor had done his work as cleverly as Nature herself—nay, surpassed her—except that he could not endow the figures with power of speech, motion etc.

86. *relation*, report; see G.

88. *cherubins..fretted*; see each in G. "The ceilings of Shakespeare's time were the most characteristic product of the period," i.e. in domestic architecture; being, in large houses, often of elaborate design and ornamentation. See the chapter on "Architecture" in *Shakespeare's England*, 1916.

89. *winking*, blind; the traditional representation of Cupid. The fire-irons supporting the wood-fire were two figures of Cupid bearing torches ("brands"), symbolical of love, and the figures were so moulded that they leaned upon the torches. The design is one which the student must picture for himself.

Herford aptly compares *Sonnets* CLIII, CLIV.

91. *This is her honour!* and does her honour depend on this "description"? ironical.

95, 96. *Be pale*. "If you can, forbear to flush your cheek with rage"—*Johnson*.

107. *basilisk*; a “fabulous reptile, also called cockatrice, supposed to be hatched from a cock’s egg and said to kill by its breath and look.”

110-112. i.e. let the vows women make be as frail as their virtues.

Note the alternations in the feelings of Posthumus and the fine working up to the climax.

115. *probable*; “capable of being proved, demonstrable.” (F.)

127. *cognizance*, badge.

132. *one persuaded well of*—. The Folio does not mark the break, but the sense seems to be ‘one who is convinced of *her truth*.’ (F.)

147. *limb-meal*, limb by limb; see G.

151. *pervert*, turn into a different channel.

ACT III.

Scene 1.

According to Holinshed, it was not Cymbeline but his son Guiderius who on his accession to the throne refused to pay tribute to Rome and “made open rebellion.”

In this scene again (see II. 3. 111-120, note) Cloten seems to show to greater advantage than we should have expected. Note that after his first speech (11-14), he alone of the speakers uses prose; to convey, I suppose, a sort of rough contempt.

11, 12. The climax of Antony’s funeral speech, after he has mentioned the will (*Julius Cæsar*, III. 2. 257) :

“Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?”

12, 13. *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*—Vergil, *Eclogues*, I. 67.

18-22. Gaunt’s dying speech (finer even than the parallel in *King John*, II. I. 23-29) :

“This royal throne of kings, this scepter’d isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England”—

'Richard II. II. I. 40-50.

The references in this scene of *Cymbeline* to the sea-girt remoteness of Britain, and to the disasters that befel Cæsar's fleet in each of his two expeditions to our shores, echo descriptions in Holinshed.

20. *rocks*; cf. 29. The Folios have *Oaks* or *Oakes*, which some have retained in the metaphorical sense 'ships of war.' But this is very forced; besides, what the speaker is clearly dwelling on is the natural defences of our island. Shakespeare could hardly credit the Britain of *Cymbeline* with a navy! The only thing in favour of *oaks* is "park" in the preceding line; but "*oaks*" do not form fences ("paled"), nor is "*scale*" so appropriate to ships. Elsewhere S. applies *rib* figuratively (= 'that which encloses and protects') to stone, e.g. "Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle," *Richard II.* III. 3. 32. Hence it would be quite in his manner here to describe the isle as "ribbed" with "*rocks*," like a park enclosed with a stone-wall. It is in fact the familiar picture of England's island-strength, and the idea epitomizes our whole history, with the signal illustrations of the Armada, the Napoleonic war, and the late war. Cf. the famous saying of a statesman, "Look to your *moat*," i.e. the seas surrounding Great Britain and the command thereof.

23, 24. *his brag of "Came,"* etc. *As You Like It*, v. 2. 32-35: "nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical [= boastful] brag of—'I came, saw, and overcame.'" (See again line 37, note.)

The allusion is to the famous despatch *Veni, vidi, vici* ('I came, I saw, I conquered'), in which Julius Cæsar announced to the Roman Senate his defeat, near Zela, B.C. 47, of Pharnaces, King of Pontus.

Stone notes that "overcame" as a translation of *vici*, 'conquered,' is the word used by North in his *Life of Cæsar* (Plutarch's *Lives*): hence Shakespeare's use of it here and in the *As You Like It* and *Henry IV* passages. Probably North, a master of literary artifice, meant the jingle "came"..."overcame" to be an equivalent for the striking alliteration of the Latin original.

Craik justly remarks: "It is evident that the character and history of Julius Cæsar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination. There is perhaps no other historical character who is so repeatedly alluded to throughout his plays." Yet, it is one of the commonplaces of Shakespearian criticism that the Dictator of Shakespeare's tragedy is a somewhat disappointing figure; but there were dramatic reasons for this.

27. *ignorant*; “unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas”—Johnson.

baubles; S. remembered *Troilus and Cressida*, I. 3. 35 (“shallow bauble boats”) as in *Coriolanus*, IV. 1. 6, 7.

30, 31. Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which (according to Holinshed) happened to his brother Nennius. See *The Faerie Queene*, II. 10. 49.

giglot, fickle as a harlot.

32. *Lud's town*. Holinshed says: “By reason that king Lud [elder brother of Cassibelan] so much esteemed that citie before all other of his realme, inlarging it so greatlie as he did, and continuallie in manner remained there, the name was changed, so that it was called Caerlud, that is to saie, Luds towne: and after by corruption of speech it was named London.”

The old name was *Troynovant* (i.e. Troja Nova, ‘New Troy,’ afterwards *Trinovantum*), the legend being that it was founded by Brutus, great-grandson of Æneas, the Trojan refugee to Italy. Milton’s *Sabrina (Comus)* was the grand-daughter of Brutus, father of Locrine; cf. *Com.* 826–828. Lud’s association with London is recorded in *The Faerie Queene*, II. 10. 46.

36, 37. *moe...owe*. See each in G.

have crooked noses; like Cæsar. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*. iv. 3. 43–46: “But what of that? he saw me [Falstaff], and yielded; that [so that] I may justly say, with the hook-nosed [I. 1. 33, note] fellow of Rome, ‘I came, saw, and overcame.’”

Evidently, “crooked” and “hook-nosed” must mean the same thing, and the description in its obvious sense is not true of the representation of Julius Cæsar on coins etc. It has been suggested to me that Shakespeare had in mind the aquiline type of nose associated with the Romans; perhaps, one should say, rather, with the Italians, of whom there were many then resident in London. According to a comparatively recent discovery, Shakespeare lived from 1598 to 1604 in a part of London, the Cripple-gate quarter, specially frequented by foreigners. Italian actors had played in London, and Italian musicians were attached to the orchestras, e.g. in Masque-performances.

46. *injurious*; in S. the word often implies insolence; see G.

49. *colour*, reason, excuse.

53–60. From Holinshed. He has a chapter “Of Mulmucius the first king of Britaine, who was crowned with a golden crowne, his

lawes, his foundations, with other his acts and deeds...He made manie good lawes, which were long after vsed, called Mulmucius lawes...& bicause he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine...he is named the first king of Britaine."

Stone says : "Holinshed relates how, after the deaths of Ferrex and Porrex, the last acknowledged descendants of Brutus, Britain was plunged into civil war, then became subject to a pentarchy of kings, and was finally reunited under one sceptre by Mulmucius Dunwallon, son of Cloton [whence 'Cloten'] King of Cornwall."

55. *whose repair and franchise*, the restoration and free exercise of which.

68, 69. From Holinshed :

"This man [Cymbeline] (as some write) was brought vp at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cesar, vnder whome he serued in the warres, and was in such favour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not."

And again :

"By our writers it is reported, that Kymbeline being brought vp in Rome, & knighted in the court of Augustus, euer shewed himself a friend to the Romans, & chieflie was loth to breake with them, because the youth of the Britaine nation should not be depriued of the benefit to be trained and brought vp among the Romans, whereby they might learne both to behau themselves like ciuill men, and to atteine to the knowledge of feats of warre."

The extracts, especially the second, illustrate the far-flung dominance of Rome, and show how even the remotest parts of the empire looked to their world-centre.

Cymbeline's connection with the Roman court is mentioned by Milton in his *History of Britain*, bk. II (Bohn's ed. of Milton's *Prose Works*, v. 199).

70, 71. i.e. it behoves me to resist to the uttermost his attempt to take back the "honour."

at utterance; commonly *to the utterance*; F. *à outrance*, 'to extremity, to the death'; from F. *outre*, Lat. *ultra*, 'beyond.' Cf. *Macbeth*, III. 1. 70.

I am perfect, I know for a fact. Cf. *perfect*=perfectly well aware (IV. 2. 118).

72, 73. This happened in the reign of Tenantius. The reference comes from Holinshed.

Scene 2.

4, 5. The Italians were thought expert poisoners; cf. Doctor Alasco in *Kenilworth*.

Poisoning through the ears is mentioned in Marlowe's *Edward II.* v. 4, as an Italian method. Perhaps Shakespeare chose this method in *Hamlet*, I. 5, for the removal of the elder Hamlet, because in III. 2. 272-275, Hamlet represents the story of Gonzago as of Italian origin. In the old Hamlet-legend Hamlet's father is slain at a banquet. See again III. 4. 15.

9. *take in*, capture, like a besieged city; cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 2. 24, III. 2. 59. The *in* has an intensive force, 'to take into one's hands.' Cf. IV. 2. 121.

10. *to her*, in comparison with *hers*.

17. *fact*; evil deed, crime; as often; cf. *Macbeth*, III. 6. 10. Milton uses *fact* in the literal sense, 'deed, something done' (Lat. *factum*); cf. *Par. Lost*, IX. 928, 980.

21. *feodary*, accomplice; see G.

23. *I am ignorant*, i.e. I must assume ignorance.

We are to understand that Posthumus has written separately to Imogen and Pisanio. He has been reading, and has quoted from, the letter of instructions to himself; and now he hands Imogen *her* letter, which fits in with the secret directions to Pisanio.

27-29. The Elizabethans did not distinguish between astrology and astronomy (scientific study of the stars). See *Shakespeare's England*, 1916, I. 455, 456. *Characters*, handwriting; cf. IV. 2. 49.

33. *medicinal*; in the active sense 'medicinal, healing'; cf. the next line. Scan *med'cinable*, as the Folio prints in *Troilus and Cressida*, I. 3. 91, where "medicinal eye" (of the sun) has the same active meaning.

The style here is intentionally (and beautifully) broken: she is talking to herself as she looks at the outside of the letter, and forgets the presence of Pisanio. 'I hope' (she says in effect) 'the letter shows that he is all right, and quite contented—except for our separation: in *that* respect he must *not* be contented.'

35. *Good wax, thy leave*. Almost Malvolio's remark when he picks up the letter dropped by Maria and breaks the seal: "By your leave, wax" (*Twelfth Night*, II. 5. 102, 103). So Edgar in *King Lear* when he takes Goneril's letter from the dead body of Oswald (IV. 6. 264): "Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not."

36-39. A quibble, of course, on *bonds* in its two senses—‘legal deeds duly sealed’ and ‘fetters.’ The man who enters into a dangerous “bond” (contract) and then is cast into bonds (prison) because he “forfeits,” i.e. cannot fulfil his contract (see v. 5. 207, 208 and cf. Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*), does not pray for the welfare of bees: has not their wax furnished the seals on the bond that has brought him into bondage? Lovers on the other hand have good reason to “bless” the bees whose wax fastens and keeps private their letters.

41. *as*, but that. A look from her would more than repair and repay any harm done to him by her father.

54. *bate*, abate, qualify what I have said, viz. that Pisanio is as eager as herself.

56. *thick*, fast.

61. *To inherit*, to have; see G.

65. “Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary?”—Malone.

68. *’Twixt hour and hour*, between, say 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.; from sunrise to sunset, as the next line indicates. (F.)

75. *presently*, at once.

77. *franklin*, free-holder; a Chaucerian word; see G. Perhaps, as he wrote it here, Shakespeare’s thoughts reverted to the story in Lodge’s *Rosalynde* of the “lustie Francklin” and his two sons, which is reproduced in the wrestling-scene in *As You Like It* (1. 2).

78-80. Pisanio tells her to pause and reflect; she replies that she does try to look ahead; but the immediate future is all involved in darkness, so it is no use to “consider”; she must act boldly and trust Providence.

Scene 3.

5. *jet*, strut; see G.

6. “The idea of a giant was among the readers of romances, the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen”—Johnson. See III. 5. 150, note.

11-13. Another reminiscence (see I. 6. 34, 35) of the Dover Beach passage in *Lear*, IV. 6; note “beetle” and cf. *Lear* IV. 6. 14.

lessens and sets off, either diminishes an object or makes it clearer; cf. I. 3. 15 and 18, 19.

16. *This service is not service*, i.e. the service of courts is not true service; perhaps he contrasts mentally their life of humble submission to heaven with the servitude of courtiers (22-25).

17. *allow'd*, approved by heaven; see G. "In war it is not sufficient to do duty well: the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act"—Johnson.

20. *The sharded beetle*; obviously "the shard-borne beetle" of *Macbeth*, III. 2. 42, but also the beetle of the *Lear* passage. *sharded*; see G.

21. *O, this life* etc. The Duke in the Forest of Arden (*As You Like It*).

22. *a check*, a snub, a rebuff (at court).

23. *bauble*, i.e. "vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court"; clearly a better correction than *bribe* of the Folio's reading *babe*. Note too that we have had *bauble* twice (III. 1. 27, III. 2. 20); words are apt to recur to a writer's mind unconsciously, and *Cymbeline* is peculiarly a play of recurrences.

24. *rustling in unpaid-for silk*. Thoroughly Shakespearian; *King Lear*, III. 4. 98 (in a similar description of a court-underling).

25. *him that*; the unfortunate tailor, in whose book the debt is not crossed off, i.e. not paid. Cf. Touchstone's satirical boast: "I have undone three tailors," said in confirmation of Jaques's remark, "he hath been a courtier, he swears" (*As You Like It*, v. 4. 47, 48). Belarius evidently had himself in mind (71-73). Elizabethan tailors seem to have fared badly.

33. *travelling a-bed*, i.e. only in imagination.

35. *To stride a limit*, to pass the prison-bounds. Shylock rebuked the gaoler for allowing Antonio to come outside, in the street (*The Merchant of Venice*, III. 3. 8-10).

36. *When we are old*. "This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind"—Johnson.

But is the sentiment quite appropriate to a youth? It reminds one of the lofty thoughts (obviously his own rather than theirs) which Milton puts in the mouths of the young people in *Comus*.

40. *beastly*, like beasts.

42-44. Lear in prison with Cordelia.

49. Not unlike I. 6. 94-97.

54, 55. *Doth ill deserve*, is rewarded with evil. *what's worse*; worse evils of court-life must pass uncensured (i.e. unmentioned out of regard for their youthful innocence).

79-107. Is there anywhere else in Shakespeare so palpable a speech of explanation to the audience?

"Shakespeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs"—Johnson.

83. *wherein they bow*. "In this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend on entering it, yet their thoughts are so exalted" etc.—Warburton. It seems a certain correction of the Folio's *whereon the Bowe*.

98. *conceiving*, ambitious dreams.

107. "The hunt is up," *Titus Andronicus*, II. 2. 1 (i.e. in motion, begun).

Scene 4.

4. Indifferently *Posthumus* and *Posthūmus* throughout the play, as suits the metre. "The writers of Shakespeare's age, when they were not translating, were accustomed to disregard the true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names"—Malone.

9. *haviour*; a common Elizabethan abbreviation. *wildness*, your wild demeanour.

17. *take off*, i.e. lessen the bitterness of the news.

34. *the worms of Nile*; referring, of course, to Cleopatra's aspic; she asks (*Antony and Cleopatra*, V. 2. 243, 244) the countryman who brings her the basket of figs :

"Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?"

Elizabethans use *worm*=snake, serpent.

35. A mixture of *Macbeth*, I. 3. 33 and I. 7. 21-25 (where "pity" in its action corresponds with "slander" here).

belie; cover with lies. (F.)

36. *states*, people of high rank.

45-48. Apostrophising Iachimo, absent.

49. *Whose mother was her painting*, i.e. who owes her charm to the paint-box, not to her mother. The use of cosmetics and false hair is a constant subject of Elizabethan satire. "I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another" (Hamlet to Ophelia, III. 1. 148, 149). The trouble (for dark people) was that Queen Elizabeth was fair; and that made darkness of complexion unfashionable.

50-52. Referring, perhaps, to the tapestry-hangings on walls: "these, being sometimes wrought with gold or silver, were, it should seem, sometimes ript and taken to pieces for the sake of the materials"—*Malone*. Others say: "This does not mean to be converted into hangings for a room, but to be hung up, as useless, among the neglected contents of a wardrobe"—*Steevens*. (F.)

51, 52. Is *richer* a bitter glance at what we saw earlier (1. 6. 121, 122)?

53. *Men's vows* etc. Viola in the wonderful scene of comic (if comic) "irony," *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 120, 121. *traitors*, betrayers.

57. *false*; to Dido, Queen of Carthage,

"In such a night

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage—"

The Merchant of Venice, v. i. 9-12.

But this affecting detail is said to have no classical authority.

58. *Sinon*, the wily Greek, the villain of the wooden horse and Troy's downfall; one of the subjects of the "skilful painting" in the room of Lucrece (1499-1561). The story of the siege and fall of Troy exercised incalculable influence in mediæval and Elizabethan times.

59. *scandal*, bring disrepute upon. The treachery of Æneas and Sinon made every one suspected; similarly all handsome men ("proper") will suffer for the treachery of Posthumus.

61, 62. Exactly *Twelfth Night*, II. 2. 30, 31 (Viola's words):

"How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!"

75-77. *Hamlet*, I. 2. 129-132.

78. *afore't*; a certain correction of the Folio's *a-foot*.

80, 81. She has been carrying his letters in her bosom.

90. *fellowes*; suitors equal to her in rank.

93. *disedged*; the metaphor of taking the edge off an appetite.

94. *Tire* is a term in falconry = 'to give a hawk meat to tear to pieces'; hence 'to prey or feed on ravenously'—as here. Falconry was a favourite Elizabethan sport and its terminology furnishes many metaphors in Shakespeare and other dramatists, notably Massinger and Heywood (whose fine tragedy *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, I. 3, contains the best and best-known hawking-scene in the old drama).

101. *blind*; inserted by most editors. Staunton says: "There is

not the slightest need for a change of any kind. *Wake* is a synonym for *watch*, and to *watch* is a technical term in falconry for the cruel method of taming the newly-taken hawks by depriving them of sleep. ‘I’ll *wake* mine eye-balls,’ then, means ‘I’ll prevent sleep even by the tortures of my eye-balls.’” The *Century Dict.* quotes a passage from Mandeville’s *Voiage* in which *wake* is so used. (F.)

But Shakespeare always uses *watch*, not *wake*, with this reference to falconry and adds some epithet like “*tame*” (*Othello*, III. 3, 23) or “*obedient*” (*Shrew*, IV. 1, 198). Moreover, the scansion, at least, favours some insertion, such as *blind*. If Imogen were the speaker, then one would accept the falconry-metaphor as a continuation of line 94.

108. *thy stand*; cf. II. 3. 69. *unbent*; the metaphor (from shooting) is indicated by the context. Cf. the picture in *As You Like It*, II. 1, of the stag stricken by an arrow.

115. *tent*, probe; a *tent* being a roll of linen used to search and cleanse a wound. Lat. *temptare*, ‘to try.’

132. *noble*; a curious epithet for him on her lips after her previous contempt (II. 3). Ironical? The broken metre suggests that she hesitates a moment before *harsh*, as if undecided how exactly to characterise *Clooten*.

144, 145. *Dark*, mean, obscure, i.e. submitting herself to the lowliness of the disguise which he recommends. *disguise that which* etc., disguise her identity, the revelation of which would be destruction to her.

147. *full of view*; “affording an ample prospect, a complete opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know”—Steevens: cf. Pisanio’s next words. *Pretty* seems a vague term of satisfaction: ‘not so bad—fine.’

155. *niceness*, coyness. What follows is a faint reflection of earlier pictures—Rosalind in doublet and hose (*As You Like It*, I. 3. 116–124), Portia and Nerissa (*The Merchant of Venice*, III. 4. 60–78), and Julia (*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

Furness writes: “The Elizabethan audiences seemed to find especial pleasure in seeing female characters disguised as men, to judge from the lightness with which, throughout the drama, women slipped into doublet and hose. Rosalind and Imogen occur to us at once; in Beaumont and Fletcher there are many more of these disguises than in Shakespeare.” Brandes says: “The fact that female parts were

played by youths had, of course, something to do with the frequency of these disguises." (See the Epilogue to *As You Like It*, 16, note.)

Perhaps too the device was a favourite because it gives such scope for the use of the humour that arises when the audience know facts of the story which the characters, or some of them, are supposed not to know. Thus in *Twelfth Night* the humour and interest of the scenes in which Viola is with Olivia and Orsino turn largely upon the fact that they do not know her to be a girl, while the audience does. Shakespeare purposely makes Olivia and Orsino say things which have for the audience a point whereof the speaker is quite unconscious. It is like that dramatic artifice of "irony" which Greek dramatists employ so much for tragic effect.

The device of disguising a girl as a boy is said to have been first used on the Elizabethan stage by Lylly (see II. 3. 18, note).

In the case of a character like Imogen or Rosalind who disguises herself as a youth the boy-actor found himself, as Dowden says, in a difficult situation, for he had to *pretend* to be what he really was; but he must not play his assumed, yet natural, part of boy in such a way as to make the audience forget that he was supposed to be a girl in disguise. His real boyishness of bearing and manner had to be modified to a girl's counterfeit boyishness. The position, in fact, was rather comic.

157. *it...self*; see *his* in G.

159. *the weasel*; a type of quarrelsomeness (*I Henry IV*. II. 3. 81).

160-165. *your cheek* etc. *Coriolanus*, II. 1. 231-234.

161. *O, the harder heart!* "I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus"—Johnson.

163. *common-kissing Titan*; "being a god kissing carrion" (to adopt Warburton's correction of the old texts' *good*)—*Hamlet*, II. 2. 182.

165. *angry*; with jealousy.

174. *happy*, accomplished: she is to sing to Posthumus, like Feste in *Twelfth Night* to Orsino.

176. *embrace you*, accept your offer of service.

181. *even*, keep even with, profit by.

Scene 5.

14. *the event*, the issue.

23. "In *Cymb.* III. 5. 23, the king speaks of chariots as a British arm. Shakespeare would find their use in warfare described by Hol., who took his account from Cæsar (*De Bello Gallico*, IV. 33)"—Stone.

32. *looks us*, seems to us.

35. *too slight in sufferance*, too easy-going in permitting it.

37, 38. The old maxim—*Doloris medicus tempus*—quoted in the popular school-books of Shakespeare's time. A similar school-book bit (from Lilly's *Latin Grammar*) occurs in its Latin form in *Twelfth Night*, II. 3. 2. See *Shakespeare's England*, I. 233, 234 ("Education").

42. *answer'd*, explained, accounted for.

68, 69. Her real feelings towards her husband, disguised hitherto, are shown by v. 5. 49–56.

72–74. Like Ferdinand's description of Miranda (*The Tempest*, III. 1. 37–48). *than...woman*, than any woman, than all womanhood—Johnson.

77. i.e. it destroys all her other rare qualities.

92. *home*, fully; a common Shakespearian use, from the metaphor of driving a blow, a dagger, home ; cf. IV. 2. 328.

101. *Or this, or perish* ; his only course is to show Cloten the letter : he must risk it or perish at Cloten's hands. No doubt, he feels that he can serve Imogen better by living.

132. *she said upon a time* ; II. 3. 132–135.

150. *mute*; "in Turkey a dumb officer acting as executioner." Cf. *Henry V*. I. 5. 232, "Like Turkish mute." Travellers and our "Turkey Merchants" of the famous Levant Company had brought home stories of the East ; cf. "turban" in III. 3. 6. There are numerous references under *Turk* and *Turkish* in Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*.

voluntary; unlike Turkish mutes who often had their tongues cut out. (F.)

156. *him that is most true*; though he (Posthumus) had been deceived (III. 4. 119–122) by some villain into thinking ill of Imogen.

Scene 6.

7. *Foundations*, fixed places ; with a quibble on foundation = 'a charitable institution' (such as the monasteries). As she walks towards it Milford seems to get further off.

19–24. There are faint suggestions here and later (62–65, 90–92) of the scene (II. 7) in *As You Like It* where the starving Orlando breaks in upon the Duke and his followers at their meal in the Forest of Arden.

21. *Peace and plenty breeds cowards*; for the sentiment cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. 5. 236–241.

22. *hardiness*, courage, “hardiment” (v. 4. 75).
 24. *Take or lend*, i.e. take my money (cf. “bought” in 47) or let me have it (the food) without immediate payment. From a “civilised” being Imogen might expect sympathy expressed in speech; a “savage” would at least understand her need of food, and, understanding, might relieve it.

Even allowing for the fact that she is fainting from hunger, one feels that her expression as it stands is somewhat elliptical and obscure. It is a case where some gesture (e.g. holding out her money—cf. line 49) might make the sense clearer in the actual representation.

28. *woodman*, hunter.
 30. *match*, compact.
 34. *resty*, sluggish, inert; see G.
 42, 43. i.e. if not actually an “angel,” then an earthly model of one.

69, 70. *I should woo hard* etc. ‘I should plead hard for the privilege of being your bridegroom. And my offer, you would find, is no empty one.’ Some read *I'd bid* (conditional), but *I bid* (absolute) is more emphatic, though illogical. His meaning, I think, is: ‘do not regard my protestation as an empty form: it is genuine, as you would find, were you a woman.’

- 71-75. *brother...brothers*; pretty “irony.”
 76. *prize*, her value as an heiress.

85. *That nothing-gift*, the worthless flattery of the inconstant (“differing”) crowd; one of the anti-democratic notes which we get in *Coriolanus*, with its satirical representation of “the beast with many heads” (Horace’s *bellua multorum capitum*). Steevens aptly compares the Prologue to 2 *Henry IV*. 19: “The still-discordant wavering multitude” (where *still*=always, ever). James I, with his horror of crowds (*Measure for Measure*, I. 1. 68-73, II. 4. 27-30), would appreciate these touches.

Scene 7.

9. *commends*, delivers; so most modern texts; the Folio *commands*.
 14. *supplyant*, auxiliary.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

3. *who*; referring to *his* = ‘of him.’
 4, 5. *saving reverence of the word*; an apology for the pun.
 12. *oppositions*, combats.
 13. *imperceiverant*, undiscerning; spelt *imperseverant* in the original editions. That could only mean, ‘not persevering, inconstant’; the last thing that could be said of Imogen!

Scene 2.

8. *citizen*, city-bred, effeminate.
 10, 11. “Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted: if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion”—Johnson.
 22. *Love’s reason*; the reason which love gives is no reason at all.
 33. *courtiers...court*. Cf. *As You Like It*, III. 2. 41, 42. The underlying idea is that *courtesy* belongs to the *court*. Cf. Greene’s *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, III. 67, “His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court,” and George Herbert, *The Church-Porch*, “Courtesie grows in court.” The austere Milton would have none of this notion; cf. *Comus*, 321–326.

“Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offer’d courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended”;

the speaker being “the Lady,” who is sometimes the obvious mouth-piece of the poet’s own sentiments.

35. *imperious*; interchangeable with *imperial* till far into the 17th century. Cf. “imperious Cæsar” (Quarto) in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 236 (Folio *imperial*).

38. *thy drug*. “The plot of the play hinges upon the operation on Imogen of this narcotic, the supposed powers of which appear to have been exactly the same as that given by Friar Laurence to Juliet for the purpose of simulating death. Modern medicine is acquainted with no drug having the property to produce for a while the show of death, and yet leave the powers of life so unharmed that the subject of

them shall be more ‘fresh, reviving’”—*Dr Bucknill.* (F.) Is the idea Italian or oriental?

38. *not stir him*; “not move him to tell his story”—*Johnson.*

39. *gentle*, of gentle birth. Lines 38–42 are spoken aside.

40. *honest*; he does not know her meaning here.

50. *as*, as if.

51–53. A little like Viola’s “smiling at grief,” *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 118 (in the picture of “patience on a monument”; cf. “patience” in the next speech). So also in *Pericles*, v. 1. 138–140:

“yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings’ graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.”

58. *spurs*, the lateral roots of a tree; cf. *The Tempest*, v. 1.

47.

59. *untwine*, i.e. cease to twine. Shakespeare uses *elder* disparagingly as a wood of soft useless texture—e.g. “heart of elder”=weak, faint heart (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. 3. 30), exactly the reverse of “heart of oak.” The legend that Judas hanged himself on an elder tree (*Love’s Labour’s Lost*, v. 2. 610) gave the tree gloomy associations fit for the scene of crime (*Titus Andronicus*, II. 3. 272).

60. *perishing*; perhaps=‘destructive.’

61. *great morning*; F. *grand jour*.

69. *companies*, i.e. of soldiers.

71. *mountaineers*; an opprobrious term then, implying ‘savage and barbarous.’ Cf. *Comus*, 426, “No savage, fierce, bandite, or mountaineer.” People’s feelings have changed with regard to mountains.

80. Being dressed in the garments of Posthumus (III. 5, end), Cloten thinks that he should be recognised as a courtier. (F.)

81–83. *tailor...clothes...make thee*; cf. II. 3. 77–79, note.

86. *injurious*, insolent; cf. III. 1. 46.

90. *Toad...Adder, Spider*; similarly united in *Rich.* II. III. 2. 14, 15, 20; *Rich.* III. 1. 2. 19; all having a bad reputation for “venom.” (F.)

92. *mere confusion*, utter destruction. *mere*; see G.

97. *proper*, own (Lat. *proprius*, ‘own’).

106. *absolute*, positive; absolutely certain; cf. “perfect” (118).

109–112. Cloten is fierce (“fell”) because even when grown up he was too stupid to understand why he should be afraid: *misuse* of

judgment is often the cause of fear (i.e. the over-intellectual man goes to the other extreme and perceives *too* many reasons for fear).

I borrow this interpretation of *defect* from Professor Herford's note, but feel some doubt about it. Theobald's change, which used to hold the field, viz. *th' effect* instead of *defect* gave excellent sense and a thoroughly Shakespearian antithesis (*effect...cause*). Much less satisfactory was Hanmer's *cure* of fear (keeping *defect*).

Theobald paraphrased the passage as emended by him thus : "Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers." Shakespeare never uses *apprehension*=‘fear’; except in two places where it has the literal sense ‘seizure, arrest,’ it always has the idea of ‘conception’ or ‘perception.’

129. *For*, merely because.

132. *humour*. Theobald's certain correction of the Folio's *honour*. Malone gives other instances where the words have been confused in the Folio or Quarto of Shakespeare. It gives admirable sense: “though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy [as] to attempt an enterprise of this nature alone, and unseconded.” Elizabethans are fond of the word *humour* and it meant more for them, from the old physiology of the “humours.” Cf. the titles of Ben Jonson's two comedies.

151. *the creek*; “the stream” of 184. The word is used thus in America ; with us it is oftener applied to an inlet of the sea. (F.)

160. i.e. not *too* powerful for us to combat.

167. *gain*, restore.

186. *my ingenious instrument*; apparently a sort of Æolian harp. The Folio has *ingenuous*. (F.)

193. *lamenting toys*, to grieve over trifles. *toys*; see G.

197. *Imogen, as dead*. Her trance has been compared with Juliet's.

205. *crare*, small vessel ; see G. This correction of the Folio's *care* is adopted universally.

209. *Stark*, stiff, rigid ; the old sense, as in phrases like “stark and stiff,” “lie stark in death.” The etymological idea is ‘stiff, strong’; cf. Germ. *stark*.

214. *clouted brogues*, rough shoes studded with nails ; see each word in G.

218-229. Marina in *Pericles* (iv.), strewing flowers on the of her nurse : a scene of absolute Shakespeare.

In 218 we may suppose that Guiderius directly apostrophises hence *thee*, after the indirect *him* in the preceding line. (F.)

221. "Pale primroses" come in Perdita's flower-passage, *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 122. So in Milton's *Song on May Morning*.

"The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose"; and in a cancelled and highly Shakespearian passage (143) of *Lycidas*:

"Bring the rathè primrose that unwedded dies
Colouring the pale cheek of uninjoyd love."

222. Cf. ii. 2. 22, 23. *harebell*, wild hyacinth.

223. *eglantine*, sweet-briar; connected with F. *aiguille*, 'needle' (i.e. the prickly shrub).

224. *ruddock*; the bird with the *ruddy* breast, the robin.

Most readers will ask with Bishop Percy (of the *Reliques*): "Is this an allusion to the 'Babes in the Wood,' or was the notion of the red-breast covering dead bodies general before the writing of that ballad?" Editors show that it was a very ancient idea. Shakespeare's readers would certainly think of the ballad, "the most famous of all ballads" in Elizabethan times; published in 1595. See *Shakespeare's England*, 1916, II. 530.

229. *To winter-ground*; "to cover up in the ground (as a plant with straw etc.)." Said to be a gardener's term.

243. *Great griefs...medicine the less*. Much the same thought as I. I. 135, 136. Editors compare *King Lear*, III. 5. 8.

244. *He was a queen's son*. "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her: for she is a king's daughter," 2 Kings ix. 34. Cf. v. 5. 291; and the scroll on the body of Thaisa in *Pericles*, III. 2 (a genuine part of the play):

"I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king."

247, 248. "Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world"—Johnson.

252. *Thersites...Ajax*. A *Troilus and Cressida* echo.

255. *we must lay his head to the east*; a reversal of the Christian custom of interment. (F.) One wonders what the "reason for't" was. Some think, because the time of *Cymbeline* is pre-Christian.

268. *physic*, i.e. even "the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life"—Johnson. So again in v. 5. 28–30.

271. *thunder-stone*, thunder-bolt; cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 3. 49.

275. *Consign to thee*; "seal the same contract with thee, i.e. add their names to thine upon the register of death"—Steevens.

276. *No exorciser harm thee!* i.e. by raising, calling up, her spirit from the grave. *Exorcise* always has this idea in Shakespeare; not that of drawing evil spirits out of people (*Acts* xix. 13) and 'laying' them.

278. "Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost," *Comus*, 434.

280. *consummation*, end; *Hamlet*, III. 1. 63.

285. *Upon their faces*. Who, till it is pointed out, remembers that actually there was only one face (the body of Cloten being headless)?

289. The age-long thought that all things proceed from Nature and, perishing, pass back into Nature: *omniparens eadem rerum commune sepulcrum* (*Lucretius*, v. 260).

"The earth that's Nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb"—

Romeo and Juliet, II. 3. 9, 10.

293. '*Ods pittikins!* God's pity; or rather, 'little pity.' This corruption of *God's* occurs in many phrases, e.g. *Od's bodikins*.

301. *fume*; "a delusion, a fantasm, anything hindering, like a mist, the function of the brain"—Schmidt.

The physiology is that of *Macbeth*, I. 7. 65, 66. Milton uses *fume* of the harmful vapours generated by food or drink—e.g. the forbidden Fruit (*Par. Lost*. IX. 1050) and wine (*Samson Agonistes*, 551, 552).

310–313. *His foot Mercurial...Martial...his Jovial face...madded Hecuba.* All *Hamlet* touches; cf. II. 2. 523–541, 584–586; III. 4. 56–59.

315. *irregularous*, lawless, licentious; the word is not found elsewhere. She evidently thinks that Pisanio had induced Posthumus to come to Milford.

325. *pregnant*, clear, obvious; see G.

337. *confiners*; perhaps 'borderers'; people living on the *confines*; but Shakespeare often uses *confine*= 'territory,' so that *confiners* might mean 'the people of a territory,' and so 'inhabitants.'

341. *Syenna*; said to mean 'the ruler of Sienna'; like *France*= 'the French king.'

345, 346. *dream...vision.* A frequent contrast or distinction. Cf. Cowley's *Essays*: "I fell at last into this vision; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets Homer tells us, even dreams too are from God"; where Dr Lumby's note (Pitt Press ed. p. 197) is:

"In *visions* a higher degree of revelation was supposed to be imparted than in *dreams*. Cf. *Select Discourses of John Smith*, p. 184: 'The Jews are wont to make a vision superior to a dream, as representing things more to the life.'" The same distinction is seen in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, I. 3. 3. See *Comus*, 457; *Par. Lost*, XI. 377, XII. 611 (note).

347. *I fast and pray'd.* Shakespeare often makes one termination, whether inflexion or suffix, serve for a pair of words. Cf. *Sonnet XXI*. "With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems," i.e. earth's; *Sonnet LXXX*. "The humble as the proudest sail," i.e. humblest; *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1. 224, "Good gentlemen, look fresh and merily," i.e. freshly.

349. *the spongy south;* cf. II. 3. 130, note.

to this part of the west. Perhaps a Holinshed touch: When Aulus Plautius was sailing to invade Britain, "the marriners and men of warre" were encouraged by seeing "a fierie leame [light] to shoot out of the east toward the west, which way their course lay"—*Stone*.

377. *Richard du Champ*; a French name, in Roman times; but the Italian names in the play are equal anachronisms. Editors quote various instances from Elizabethan plays and stories.

386. *prefer*, recommend; cf. 400 and II. 3. 45.

389. *these poor pickaxes*, i.e. her fingers.

394. *entertain me*, take me into your service.

399. *partisans*; see G.

Scene 3.

19. *subjection*, duty as subject.

21. *And will*, and he will (easily supplied from him).

22, 23. i.e. his suspicions are not satisfied: "if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you"—*Johnson*. Judgment, as we say, is suspended.

28. *amazed*; a stronger word than; 'confounded.'

29, 30. "Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us"—*Johnson*.

34. *annoy*; in the old and stronger sense—‘harm.’
 44. *Even to the note o’ the king*, so that even the king shall remark it.

Scene 4.

6. *revolts*, rebels (i.e. to Cymbeline).
 7-14. Belarius has his own reasons for keeping out of the way;
 cf. 21-24. *a render*, an account.
 13. *whose answer*. “The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be *death*”—Johnson.
 18. *their quarter’d fires*; “fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army”—Steevens. A camp-scene like *Henry V.* Prologue IV. (on the eve of Agincourt).
 19. *importantly*, importunately; see G.
 27. *The certainty*; “the certain consequence of this hard life”—Malone. Perhaps ‘the certain continuance.’ (F.)
 33. *o’ergrown*, i.e. with hair, beard. This seems to me the key to v. 5. 319, where *age*=‘aged appearance.’

ACT V.

Scene 1.

- 1-33. “This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart”—Johnson. Contrast a speech like III. 3. 79-107, where soliloquy is used simply as a piece of dramatic machinery.

with a bloody handkerchief; sent by Pisanio as a sign that he has killed Imogen.

5. *wryng*, going astray.
 6, 7. So Bolingbroke, having instigated Exton to rid him of King Richard, afterwards affects displeasure (*Richard II.* v. 6. 30-52).
 9. *to put on this*, to instigate the deed.
 14. *elder*, later. “The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakespeare calls the *deed* of an *elder man* an *elder deed*”—Johnson. Another editor explains: “where corruptions are, they grow with

years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime."

15. *thrift*, gain, advantage. "It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's *thrift*, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation"—*Mason*. The whole speech, as he notes, is in a religious strain. *dread it*, i.e. their life of accumulated crime. For *dread it*, Theobald proposed *dreaded*: a picture of successful crime which inspires awe, gains profit, and apparently escapes punishment.

21-33. Cf. the later descriptions of the disguised Posthumus—viz. "forlorn," i.e. forlorn-looking, ragged (v. 5. 4), "in poor beseeming" (v. 5. 405-409).

23. *weeds*, clothes; see G.

Scene 2.

4. *carl*, churl, peasant; see G.

16. *hoodwink'd*, blind-folded.

18. *re-inforce*; perhaps 'renew the attack.'

Scene 3.

"Another part of *Cymbeline* for which Holinshed furnished matter is the description...of the means whereby victory was transferred from the Romans to the Britons. The prowess of Belarius, and his adopted children, Guiderius and Arviragus, has a parallel in an exploit attributed to a Scottish husbandman named Hay, who, with his two sons' help, routed the Danes at the battle of Loncart, fought A.D. 976"—*Stone*.

Holinshed's narrative of the incident does not, I think; call for reproduction *in extenso*; but it is interesting to note how, as in the Roman plays founded on North's *Plutarch*, Shakespeare has kept some verbal touches of his original. The student can identify for himself the *Cymbeline* parallels to the parts which I have italicised in the following extracts from Holinshed :

"This Haie beholding the king with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, *now destitute of the wings*, and in great danger to be oppressed by the great violence of his enimies, caught a plow-beame in his hand, and with the same exhorting his sonnes to doo the like, hasted towards the battell....There was neere to the place of the battell, a long *lane fensed on the sides with*

ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enimies on heapes. Here Haie with his sonnes, supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves ouerthwart the lane, beat them backe whome they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo."

Shakespeare's use here of different parts of Holinshed recalls *Macbeth*, where he has supplemented Holinshed's brief narrative of the Macbeth and Duncan story with a good deal from Holinshed's much fuller account of the Donwald and Duff story given earlier in the Chronicle.

3. The abrupt, rhetorical style of these speeches of Posthumus recalls, I think, the Sergeant's speeches in *Macbeth*, i. 2.

12. *hurt behind*. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. 8, where old Siward hears of his son's death :

"Siw.	Then he is dead?
Ross.	Ay, and brought off the field...
Siw.	Had he his hurts <i>before</i> ?
Ross.	Ay, on the front.
Siw.	Why then, God's soldier be he!" (43-47.)

So in *Coriolanus*, i. 4. 37. Quite a classical touch.

17. *breeding*, life; not, I think, 'nurture, support.' A man with a long white beard is usually a man who has lived a long time, and a man who has shown such bravery as this old soldier is a man who has deserved a long lease of life.

20. *The country base*; prisoners' base or prison-base; a very popular rustic game. See an account in *Shakespeare's England*, 1916, ii. 478, 479.

22. i.e. women's faces.

24. *harts*, men timid and fleet as deer; Theobald's ingenious correction of the Folios' *hearts*. (F.)

Note the predominance of the hunting-metaphor in the speech. It may be noticed that the later Folios make the same mistake in ii. 4. 27, printing *hearts* for *harts*.

27, 28. *may save* etc., may escape (viz. death at the hands of the "three") merely by turning and facing the foe.

30. *are the file*; "constitute the whole troop." *file*, a body of persons; especially, in a context like this, of soldiers.

32. *charming*, acting like a charm upon the others; cf. i. 3. 35.

The description that follows has much in common with the scenes "before Corioli" in *Coriolanus* (1).

34. *gilded*, flushed. Lady Macbeth was ready to “*gild the faces* of the grooms” with Duncan’s blood (II. 2. 56).

38. *lions*; no longer “*harts*” (24), i.e. timid deer.

42. *stoop’d*, swooped; cf. v. 4. 116; a falconer’s term.

44. *Like fragments*, i.e. when a ship’s provisions have run short; a vivid simile in those (Elizabethan) days of hazardous exploration. Touchstone’s brain, according to Jaques, “is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage” (*As You Like It*, II. 7. 39).

51. *mortal bugs*, deadly terrors; see *bug* in G.

53. Sneering at the courtier: “this is a lord” (64).

Shakespeare himself, as a mere player—cf. the bitter *Sonnets cx, cxi*—may have had to put up with Court-insolence!

68. “Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle”—*Steevens*. Cf. Macbeth’s “charmed life” (v. 8. 13). In the mediaeval duello (combats between single champions) each combatant took an oath before the judges of the contest: “I do swear that I have not upon me, nor on any of the arms I shall use, words, charms, or enchantments, to which I trust for help to conquer my enemy, but that I do only trust in God, in my right, and in the strength of my body and arms.” See Todd’s note on *Samson Agonistes*, 1134 and 1139, where the custom is alluded to (“I know no spells, use no forbidden arts”). The Italian epics are said to be full of this notion.

74. *now*, just now, till a moment ago. Evidently (85–91), he “resumes” his “Italian weeds” (v. 1. 23), though one does not quite see what he could have done with them—as a “Briton peasant”—during the battle.

80. *my ransom*, i.e. release from his troubles.

86, 87. *silly habit*, rustic dress. *silly*; see G.

90, 91. i.e. if others had supported him.

Enter Cymbeline etc. “This is the only instance in these plays [i.e. Shakespeare’s] of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*, III. 2. 13, 14] expressed his contempt of such mummary”—*Ritson*.

There is, of course, a dumb-show (a relic of the old Morality-pieces) in *Hamlet*, but it comes in the Play-scene (III. 2), which is designedly of the pre-Shakesperian, Senecan type of tragedy (like *Gorboduc*). Possibly, too, in *Hamlet*, the use of this old-fashioned

device was intended as a touch of “local (i.e. Danish) colour,” there being some reason to think that in the Danish theatre the dumb-show was used, as in *Hamlet*, to give an actual representation of the coming action. Usually, the dumb-show merely symbolised by some slight incident the general drift of the play—e.g. in *Gorboduc* the breaking up of the solid faggot of sticks to suggest the results of disunion in a realm. The dumb-show in the next scene occurs in a very doubtful context; see v. 4. 30, note. The parts of *Pericles* (containing Gower’s speeches) in which the dumb-show is so prominent are obviously non-Shakespearian.

Scene 4.

15-17. *to satisfy* etc.; to make actual atonement for his guilt, not merely to “repent” it. “If such atonement is the condition of my regaining freedom of conscience, then be so merciful as to let me make it by giving all I have, i.e. my life”—*Herford*.

The whole drift of the passage (“liberty”—“conscience...fetter’d”—“free for ever”) shows that the “freedom” Posthumus means, and the only one he cares about, is release from the tortures of remorse; not physical freedom from his chains, nor freedom from punishment after death. For death is his “ransom” (v. 3. 80), and *that* fine once paid, he is “free for ever.”

No stricter; implying ‘no lesser.’

19. *broken*. “That poor and broken bankrupt there,” *As You Like It*, II. I. 57. It was the common word for ‘become bankrupt’; cf. *Richard II*. II. I. 257, “The king’s grown bankrupt, like a broken man.” Antonio’s creditors said “he cannot choose but break.” Such terms had painful associations for Shakespeare: his father went bankrupt at Stratford.

24, 25. i.e. men in their ordinary dealings do not weigh each coin: they accept a coin for the sake of the monarch’s head stamped on it.

27. *audit*, statement of accounts. Shakespeare is rather fond of this metaphor; cf. *Hamlet*, I. 5. 78, III. 3. 82; *Macbeth*, I. 6. 27.

28. *cancel...bonds*. An obvious *Macbeth* (III. 2. 49, 50) touch:

“Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!”

(i.e. the lives of Banquo and Fleance). The quibble on *bonds* recalls III. 2. 37. It displeased the 18th century sense of “decorum”;

another instance, says Johnson, "of our Author's infelicity in pathetic speeches."

Solemn music. "Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy* which interrupt the fable [i.e. story] without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare"—*Pope*. The subsequent narrative of Posthumus renders it unnecessary—*Stevens*. See v. 5. 425–433. Many editors reject the Vision as not Shakespeare's. Yet, there are verbal touches which do just suggest that Shakespeare may have accepted and revised another's work. Anyhow, the Vision brings *Cymbeline* within the sphere of court-drama.

31. *King Lear*, IV. 1. 38, 39:

"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

38. *Attending*, awaiting.

43. *Lucina*; the goddess (*Juno Genitalis*) who assisted women in child-birth.

45. *ript*; *Macbeth*, v. 8. 15, 16.

64. "This is a slight unmeritable man" (Lepidus), *Julius Caesar*, IV. 1. 12. *thing*; cf. I. 1. 16, 125.

65–68. A little like Othello?

geck, dupe; cf. *Twelfth Night*, v. 350–352 (the only other place in Shakespeare where the word occurs):

"Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on."

(Malvolio's account of his experiences.)

75. *hardiment*, bravery, "hardiness" (III. 6. 22).

89. *synod*. "The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity" (*Coriolanus*, v. 2. 74)! But a closer parallel, the idea being the same, is *Hamlet*, II. 2. 516 (the Play-scene):

"Out, out thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power."

Jupiter descends. The classical deities were accustomed to these missions in the Masque-literature of the period (Inigo Jones the great architect and others designing ingenious stage contrivances for their descents). "Diana descends" in Act v. of *Pericles* and makes a rhymed speech which rings rather doubtful; but the Act as a whole is Shakespeare's.

93-113. Theobald has a good comment: "I own, to me, what Jupiter says to the Phantoms seems to carry the stamp of our Author, if the other parts of the masque appear inferior." (F.)

101. *Whom best I love I cross.* A scriptural sentiment, rather than pagan?

102. *delighted*, delightful.

In Elizabethan E. the use of the participial and adjectiveal terminations was less fixed and regular than now, hence we find *-ed=ful*. Cf. 'graced' = full of grace, dignity, *King Lear*, I. 4. 267; 'disdained' = disdainful, I *Henry IV*. I. 3. 183 ("disdain'd contempt"); *guiled* = 'guileful, treacherous,' *The Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 97 ("guiled shore").

113. *crystalline*; in Milton always *crystálline*; cf. *Samson Agonistes*, 546, "Allure thee from the cool crystálline stream." So in *Par. Lost*, III. 482, VI. 772, VII. 271.

116. *to foot*, to clutch in his talons.

118, 119. "A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities....To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles"—Steevens. No doubt the action of stroking with the claw is meant, but the word *cloys* must, I presume, have some such sense as 'soothes,' i.e. it cannot be taken as a variant form of *claws*.

129. *swerve*, go astray, mistake; used obviously for the sake of the rhyme.

138-144. Here again we have what seems an anticipation of the final scene of the play. Why introduce the passage twice? It is clearly needed in the *dénouement* (v. 5), where the riddles are all explained.

145, 146. Macbeth's verdict on life:

"a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing" (v. 5. 26-28).

147, 148. Either dream-speech, which lacks consciousness ("sense"), or the unintelligible babble of madness.

150. *sympathy*, agreement, conformity; for him life has lost all reality ("dream") and meaning ("such stuff").

Note how inconsistent this conclusion (148-150) is with his train of thought earlier (22-29) and later (192, 193); and how easily the whole episode of the Vision is detached from the rest of the scene.

153. *Hanging is the word*; cf. v. 5. 422; ‘the watch-word, the motto.’

156. *shot, bill*—“reckoning” (157).

157. The First Gaoler is evidently related to the Grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, and possibly to the Porter in *Macbeth*.

164. *drawn of*, relieved of.

167. *debitor and creditor*, account-book.

180–182. A mixture of *Macbeth*, I. 7. 7, “we’d jump the life to come” (i.e. hazard, risk), and *Hamlet*, III. 1. 79, 80:

“The undiscover’d country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.”

184. *wink*, shut the eyes.

191, 192. *I am called to be made free*, i.e. with the “freedom” of death; he expects to be executed.

197. *prone*, eager for the next world.

Scene 5.

A scene, beyond any other in Shakespeare, of recognitions and explanations and general unravelment. The skill with which the threads of the complex plot are gathered up is one of the common-places of Shakespearian eulogy.

It is, too, peculiarly a scene of reminiscences: the poet’s mind working back to the “old unhappy [and happy] far-off things” of his greatest days.

3. *the poor soldier*; of course, Posthumus.

5. *targes of proof*, shields of tested metal. See each word in G.

25–61. Lady Macbeth’s end?

38. *Affected*, aimed at; a common Miltonic use (=Lat. *affectare*).

Cf. *Par. Lost*, v. 763, “Affecting all equality with God” (said of Lucifer=Satan).

43. *bore in hand*, pretended. *To bear in hand* meant originally ‘to maintain a statement, or charge against someone’ (being a literal rendering of the legal word *manutenere*, ‘to maintain a charge against’); then ‘to maintain a false statement’ etc.; then ‘to pretend, to delude with false hopes, to deceive.’ In the last senses it is a common Elizabethan phrase. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. 1. 81.

47, 48. Cf. Edgar’s reflection when he finds on Oswald the letters

which reveal Goneril's guilty connection with Edmund and instigation to him to murder Albany :

“O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life !”

(Lear, iv. 6. 278, 279),

where *undistinguish'd*=‘indefinable,’ meaning that it is impossible to calculate what direction a woman's desires will take.

55. *fitted you with her craft*: a euphemism, like those we get in *Macbeth*.

55, 56. *to work her son* etc.; the converse of the position in *Hamlet*, where the real heir is ousted by his step-father, supported by the Queen.

88. *feat*, dexterous in waiting ; see G.

92, 93. The Duke in *As You Like It*, v. 4. 26, 27, when Rosalind's disguise has served its dramatic purpose and the end is not far off.

105, 106. The poor sea-captain in *Twelfth Night* (III. 4) when he thinks that Sebastian has ungratefully discarded him (mistaking of course Cesario=Viola for her twin brother).

107. *boys*. “He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love”—*King Lear*, III. 6. 18, 19.

120-123. Cf. the delightful puzzle of the onlookers when Viola (still dressed as a boy) and Sebastian meet at last (*Twelfth Night*, v. 223-252).

Strictly, the passage here will not bear analysis, but one sees the sense ; I do not think that any words have dropped out.

153. The style of his speeches is meant to suggest agitation.

153-191. Not a precise reproduction of what occurred in I. 4. Perhaps Shakespeare wished “to denote Iachimo's innate untruthfulness and unscrupulousness, which lead him to falsify in minor matters as in those of greater moment.” (F.)

163. *feature*, shape in general, exterior ; F. *facture*, ‘make,’ Lat. *factura*.

“And how, Audrey? am I [Touchstone] the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?” (*As You Like It*, III. 3. 2, 3).

164, 165. Shakespeare has in mind statues of the classical goddesses ; a Renaissance touch. For his interest in sculpture cf. the description of the supposed statue (really Hermione) in *The Winter's Tale*, v. 3, with the interesting allusion earlier in the play to its author, “that rare Italian master, Julio Romano” (v. I. 105, 106). But he

was more famous as a painter; see *Shakespeare's England*, II. 9, 10. shrine, image.

brief; since Nature's creations are brief lived in their beauty whereas Art confers immortality of grace.

189. Editors aptly quote *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. 8. 28, 29:

“He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.”

The chariot of the Messiah in *Paradise Lost*, VI. 755, 756, has “wheels of beryl.”

Shakespeare may have remembered the description of the chariot of Phœbus in the story of Phæthon, Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II. 107. (F.) See II. 2. 45, note.

199. *practice*, plot; see G.

200. *similar*, false, counterfeit.

209. Othello, when he knows the truth and turns on Iago (the counterpart of Iachimo).

214. *justicer*. “The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace as frequently as *justices* of the peace”—Reed. *Justicer* is an old, abbreviated form of *justiciar*, ‘a judge.’ It occurs several times in *King Lear*, e.g. IV. 2. 79.

221. *yea, and she herself*; “she was not only *the temple* of virtue, but virtue itself”—Johnson.

225. *Be villany less than 'twas!* since his villany throws all other villany into the shade.

253-258. The potion in *Romeo and Juliet*.

262. *upon a rock*; “as a shipwreck'd sailor”—Herford. But may it not be much the same metaphor as in 393? Let Posthumus feel that he has found salvation by attaching himself to the rock of her devotion. And then, with a touch of playfulness, she bids him cast himself adrift again—if he can! I cannot see the smallest need for any change of the text such as “*upon a lock*,” a wrestling term which would suit “*throw*” but does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, and is not, surely, very appropriate to a woman.

262-264. Like the reconciliation scene in *Pericles*, V. 3. 41-44; the rhythm is curiously similar.

291. *He was a prince*. Cf. IV. 2. 244.

305. *Had ever scar for*, i.e. had ever “merited” by fighting.

319. *Assumed this age*; explained, I think, by IV. 4. 33.

326. *prefer*, recommend to your consideration.

334. *mere*, whole ; see G. ; *neere* in the Folio. His crime and punishment, all amounted to this—that his master was capricious.

352. *To inlay heaven with stars.*

“Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold”—

The Merchant of Venice, v. 58, 59.

352-354: “‘Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation [report] : and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.’ The King reasons very justly”—*Johnson*.

364. *a mole*. Two moles in one play ! And Shakespeare had used the same device of identification in *Twelfth Night*, v. 249.

378. *ye* ; the Folio *we*, and it is not indefensible.

382-384. i.e. ‘this vehement epitome has details that demand separate explanation’ : hence his questions.

396. *counterchange*, exchange of looks and feelings.

405. *forlorn* ; explained, obviously, by 409, “in poor beseeming” ; forlorn-looking ; cf. 2-5 and v. 1. 22-24. That the word is used in its literal sense ‘lost, not to be found’ (v. 5. 5), seems to me very improbable.

407-414. A little like the final scene between Edgar and Edmund ? Similarly Belarius somehow takes one’s thoughts back to Kent. We have noticed other *King Lear* echoes.

I am down again. “The wheel is come full circle ; I am here” (Edmund, at the feet of Edgar, *King Lear*, v. 3. 174).

411, 412. *I had you down.* Posthumus did not then (v. 2) know of Iachimo’s treachery. But why should he assume that Iachimo could identify him with his disguised vanquisher ?

421. *freeness*, generosity.

“I loved the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest and of an open and *free* nature” (Ben Jonson’s immortal testimony to Shakespeare).

422. *Pardon’s the word to all.* Shakespeare’s final message : all his last plays come to this.

425-433. The passage which (with what follows) seems to make the Vision (v. 4) unnecessary.

428. *spritely*, of spirits—“the Ghosts” of v. 4.

430-432. The contents of the label were so obscure that he could not infer (deduce) the sense.

“ Her speech is nothing (=‘nonsense’),
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection : they aim at it ”

(i.e. Ophelia’s in her madness—*Hamlet*, IV. 5. 7-9).

446, 447. *mollis aer...mulier*. Various examples of this partially incorrect derivation are cited by editors from works antecedent to Shakespeare, e.g. Caxton’s *Game of the Chesse*, printed about 1474-75. *Mulier* is connected with *mollis*. (F.)

450. *were*; strictly singular (*wast*), as the antecedent is *who* (=Posthumus); but the verb is attracted to *you*. The speaker makes *who* quite plain by turning or pointing to Posthumus. There are many passages in dramas where the sense depends on some gesture too obvious to need mention.

464. Obviously ‘have laid hand *on*’; but the omission is quite Shakespearian.

481. *the temple of great Jupiter*. Lud built in London “a faire temple neere...to his palace, which temple (as some take it) was afterward turned to a church, and at this daie called Paules” (Holinsched).

The following verdict has the Johnsonian flavour and limitations: “This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility; upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.”

But let us end on a happier note of sympathy: “Though...no one can think of [*Cymbeline*] as a finished play, it has dramatic scenes, one faultless lyric, and many marks of beauty. It deals with the Shakespearean subject of craft working upon a want of faith for personal ends, and being defeated, when almost successful, by something simple and instinctive in human nature. It is thus not unlike *Othello*; but in *Othello* the subject is simple, and the treatment purely tragic. In *Cymbeline* the subject is only partly extricated, and the treatment is coloured with romance, with that strange, touching, very Shakespearean romance, of the thing lost beautifully recovered before the end....”—*Masefield*.

GLOSSARY

Abbreviations :—

A.S. = Anglo-Saxon, i.e. English down to about the Conquest.

Middle E. = Middle English, i.e. English from about the Conquest to about 1500.

Elizabethan E. = the English of Shakespeare and his contemporaries (down to about 1650).

O.F. = Old French, i.e. till about 1600. F. = modern French.

Germ. = modern German. Gk. = Greek.

Icel. = Icelandic.

Ital. = Italian. Lat. = Latin. Span. = Spanish.

New E. Dict. = the *New English Dictionary*.

NOTE : In using the Glossary the student should pay very careful attention to the context in which each word occurs.

abuse; literally ‘to use amiss,’ and so ‘to misuse in a particular way,’ viz. ‘to deceive’ (I. 4. 104, I. 6. 130 etc.). O.F. *abusier*, formed from Lat. *abusus* (the p.p. of *abutī*).

addition, I. 1. 33, ‘title’; cf. *Macbeth*, III. 1. 100, and *King Lear*, II. 2. 26, v. 3. 68. Literally “something annexed to a man’s name, to show his rank, occupation...or otherwise to distinguish him; ‘style of address.’” Cf. Fabian’s *Chronicle* (1494): “He had an addycyon put to his name, and was called for his great myght and power, Constantyne the Great.” (*New E. Dict.*)

admiration, I. 4. 4, I. 6. 37, ‘wonder, astonishment.’ Elizabethan writers constantly use *admire*, and its derivatives, in the sense of Lat. *admirari*, ‘to wonder, be astonished at.’ Cf. *Revelation* xvii. 6, “And when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration”; *Paradise Lost*, II. 677, 678:

“The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not fear’d.”

advise; often reflexive in Elizabethan E. = ‘consider,’ like F. *s’avisier*. Cf. I *Chronicles* xxi. 12, “advise thyself what word I shall bring again to him that sent me” (Revised Version “consider”). So **advice** = ‘consideration.’

allow, III. 3. 17, ‘to approve’; the old etymological sense (Lat. *allaudare*, ‘to praise’); cf. 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 2. 54, “I like them all, and do allow them well.” So in *Romans* vii. 15, “that which I do I allow not.”

annoy, IV. 3. 34, ‘to hurt, harm.’ Shakespeare always uses *annoy* in this strong sense. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, I. 3. 20-22:

“Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me.”

O.F. *anoi*, ‘vexation’ (F. *ennui*), from Lat. *in odio*, as in the phrase *est mihi in odio*, ‘it is odious to me.’ Cf. **noisome** (I. 5. 26), ‘harmful’; short for *anoisome*.

apparent, II. 4. 56, ‘manifest’=Lat. *apparens*. Cf. *Richard III.* III. 5. 30, “apparent open guilt.” It always has this sense in Milton; see *Paradise Lost*, IV. 608, X. 112.

arras, II. 2. 26, ‘tapestry hangings,’ generally with figures and scenes woven in colours; so called from F. *Arras*, the name of a town in Artois famous for the manufacture of this tapestry.

atone, I. 4. 35, ‘to reconcile’; cf. *Othello*, IV. 1. 243, 244:

“I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.”

Used intransitively=‘to agree’ in *As You Like It*, V. 4. 114-116:

“Then there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together,”

i.e. are in a state of harmony. This is the etymological idea of *atone*, the word being formed from *at one*, used in phrases like ‘to make, to set, *at one*,’ i.e. bring into a state of *oneness*, harmony. An essential idea of *atonement* in theology is reconciliation.

avoid, ‘to withdraw, depart’; cf. *The Winter’s Tale*, I. 2. 462, “let us avoid.” Especially used in the imperative=‘be gone, avaunt!'; as in I. I. 125 and *The Comedy of Errors*, IV. 3, 48, “Satan, avoid! tempt me not.” Literally ‘to make void, empty’; O.F. *vuide*, modern F. *vide*, ‘empty,’ Lat. *viduus*.

betimes; ‘in good time, before it is too late’; hence (V. 2. 17) ‘early, soon.’ Formed from *betime*, literally ‘*by the time* that.’

bug, V. 3. 51, “an object of terror, usually an imaginary one; a bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey; a scarecrow”—*New E. Dict.* It quotes Coverdale (1535), *Psalm xci*. 5, “Thou shalt not nede to be afraied for

any bugges by night" (Authorised Version "the terror"). The word was evidently not uncommon in pre-Shakespearian E.; probably of Welsh origin, from a root 'to scare, terrify.' See *The Faerie Queene*, II. 3. 20; II. 12. 25. *Bugbear* means literally a spectre or goblin in the shape of a bear; and *bugaboo* in the same sense as *bugbear* is one of the old English words which have survived in America.

brogue, IV. 2. 214; a "rude kind of shoe, generally made of untanned leather, worn by the inhabitants of the wilder parts of Ireland and the Scotch Highlands." An Irish word.

carl, v. 2. 4, 'a peasant'; contemptuous, like the cognate *churl*, A.S. *curl*. We have the diminutive *carlot* in *As You Like It*, III. 5. 105. These words conveyed the idea of serfdom, the *churls*, originally free landowners of the lowest rank, having been reduced to "villeinage" after the Norman Conquest.

character. Gk. *χαρακτήρ*, 'a stamp on a coin, seal, etc., engraved mark.' For a good instance of its strict use cf. *The Faerie Queene*, v. 6. 2:

"Whose *character* in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true heart so firmly was engraved."

In S. it is a common word for 'letters' (IV. 2. 49) or 'handwriting' (III. 2. 28).

charm, I. 3. 35; from Lat. *carmen*, 'a song or incantation'; like *enchant* from Lat. *incantare*, it still kept the notion of 'spell, magical power.' The force of the two words weakened as the belief in magic declined.

cherubins, II. 4. 88. The word 'cherub' comes directly from the Heb. *kherubbh*, and makes its true plural 'cherubim' = *kherubbim* (so always in Milton). The form 'Cherubin' comes indirectly through the French (which follows the Latinised form of *kherubbh*) and makes its plural 'Cherubins'; cf. Wyclif, *Exodus* xxv. 18, "two golden Cherubyns." In the Bible of 1611 we have a hybrid form *Cherubims*, changed in the Revised Version to the correct Heb. *Cherubim*. *Kherubb* is from the Babylonian word for the figure of the winged bull which stood at the door of a house to keep off evil spirits. The Jews probably owed it to the Phoenicians.

clouted, IV. 2. 214. Cf. the hackneyed archaic phrase "clouted shoon," e.g. in 2 *Henry VI*. IV. 2. 199, and *Comus*, 635. Some say that it means 'studded with large-headed nails'; others 'patched,' from *clout* (A.S. *clút*), 'a patch.' The latter seems to me much the

more probable sense, *c/out* being so common in the meaning ‘a rag, piece of cloth.’ Cf. *Joshua* ix. 5, “old shoes and clouted upon their feet.”

cognizance, II. 4. 127, ‘badge’; a term in heraldry for a device or emblem by which the retainers of a noble house were known; from Lat. *cognoscere*, ‘to know.’ Cf. Scott, *Marmion*, vi. 2, “The cognizance of Douglas blood.” Shakespeare often draws on heraldry for illustrations.

companion, II. 1. 26, ‘fellow.’ For this contemptuous use cf. *Julius Caesar*, IV. 3. 137, 138:

“What should the wars do with these jigging fools?

Companion, hence!”

(where Brutus angrily drives the intruding “Poet” from his tent).

Literally ‘one who takes meals with another’—Lat. *cum*, ‘with,’ + *panis*, ‘bread.’ The deterioration of “companion” and its counterpart “fellow” (line 19) illustrates the depressing proverb that “familiarity breeds contempt.” F. *petit compagnon* and Germ. *geselle* show a similar decline.

convey, I. 1. 63, ‘to steal.’ Cf. *Richard II*. iv. 317, where Richard is quibbling on the slang use of *convey*=‘to steal,’ and means that those who have robbed him of his crown may well be described as *conveyers* (=‘thieves’). Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. 3. 30–33: “Nym. The good humour is to *steal* at a minute’s rest. Pistol. ‘Convey,’ the wise call it. ‘Steal’! foh! a fico for the phrase!” So in *Edward II*. I. 1. 200, 201, where Edward says, “*Convey* this priest to the Tower,” and the bishop answers sarcastically, “True, true!” meaning ‘you may indeed call such an action *conveying*!’

We find *convey*=‘to act stealthily’ and *conveyance*=‘dishonesty, trickery.’ Cf. *King Lear*, I. 2. 109, 110, “I will *convey* the business,” where Edmund is referring to his plot against Edgar; and 3 *Henry VI*. III. 3. 160, “Thy sly *conveyance* and thy lord’s false love.”

crare, IV. 2. 205, ‘a small trading vessel’; oftener spelt *crayer* (O.F. *crayer*). Other forms were *craye* and *crea*; the *New E. Dict.* quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion*, XXII. 349:

“Some shell or little crea

Hard-labouring for the land, in the high-working sea.”

dear. The general Elizabethan sense of *dear* (cognate with Germ. *theuer*) is ‘that which affects us closely, whether in a good or bad way.’ Cf. “my dear soul,” *Hamlet*, III. 2. 68, i.e. inmost, vital. In

Shakespeare the word often has a bad sense, e.g. ‘bitter (v. 5. 345), grievous, heartfelt.’ Cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 151, “The dateless limit of thy dear exile.” So in *Lycidas*, 6, “Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear.” The sense may have been partly due to confusion with A.S. *dēor*, ‘grievous.’

demand, iv. 2. 362, ‘to ask, enquire’=F. *demandeur*; a common sense. Cf. 2 *Samuel* xi. 7, “David demanded of him how Joab did (Revised Version “asked”). So the noun=‘a question,’ i. 6. 88.

earnest, i. 5. 65, ‘money paid beforehand as a pledge.’ Through O.F. from Lat. *arrha*, from Gk. *ἀπαβών*, ‘earnest-money, pledge.’

entertain, iv. 2. 394, ‘to take into one’s service’; cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4. 110, “Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant” (i.e. engage him as). F. *entretenir*, ‘to keep up, maintain.’

exhibition, i. 6. 121, ‘an allowance,’ cf. Bacon’s *History of Henry VII*. “all [the revenue] was assigned to the army and garrisons there, and she received only a pension or exhibition out of his coffers” (Pitt Press ed. p. 200). Hence ‘exhibition’=‘a kind of scholarship.’ Late Lat. *exhibitio*, ‘maintenance,’ from *exhibere* in the legal sense ‘to maintain, support,’ as a parent his children.

fangled, v. 4. 134, ‘fond of finery or frippery.’ Here, like *new-fangled* in *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 152 (“more new-fangled than an ape”), the word has its etymological active sense=Middle E. *fangel*, ‘ready to seize, take up’ (cf. *fang*, ‘a talon, claw’). Later *new-fangled* was used, especially of clothes, in the passive sense ‘newly invented, novel’; this also occurs in S. (*Sonnet xcii*). Cf. Milton’s *Vacation Exercise*, 17-27:

“But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiehest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which takes our late fantasies with delight,
But cull those richest robes” etc.

favour; often=‘face, look’ (iv. 2. 104, v. 5. 93). So *well-favoured*=‘of good looks, handsome,’ as in *Genesis* xxix. 17, “Rachel was beautiful and well favoured”; and *ill-favoured*=‘ugly.’ *Favour* meant (1) ‘kindness,’ (2) ‘expression of kindness in the face,’ (3) ‘the face itself.’

feat, v. 5. 88, ‘dexterous’; hence *featly*, ‘adroitly, deftly’—cf. *The Winter’s Tale*, iv. 4. 176, “she dances featly.” The common sense is ‘neat, trim’; cf. the verb in i. 1. 49. F. *fait*, Lat. *factus*, ‘made.’

fond, I. 1. 37, ‘foolish’; its old meaning. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. 7. 60, “I am a very foolish fond old man.” Hence *fondly*=‘foolishly.’ Originally *fond* was the p. p. of a Middle E. verb *fonna*n, ‘to act like a fool,’ from the noun *fon*, ‘a fool.’ The root is Scandinavian.

forfeit. The verb meant first ‘to do wrong,’ then ‘to lose by wrong doing’; Low Lat. *forisfacere*, ‘to act beyond,’ i.e. beyond what is right, ‘to trespass.’ The two main ideas are ‘failing to keep an obligation’ (III. 2. 38) and ‘penalty’ (the natural result of failing) (V. 5. 208).

franchise, III. 1. 55. The root-idea is ‘freedom’: hence ‘immunity’ from any burden, e.g. taxation, and so ‘privilege,’ ‘right,’ especially a political privilege or right such as a vote. O.F. *franc*, ‘free,’ came from the “name *Francus*, which acquired the sense of ‘free’ because in Frankish Gaul full freedom was possessed only by those belonging to, or adopted into, the dominant people,” i.e. the Germanic people, the *Franks*, who conquered Gaul in the 6th century, and from whom the country came to be called *France*.

fret, II. 4. 88, ‘to variegate as with frets?’ Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1. 103, 104:

“Yon gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.”

A *fret* was a small band; O.F. *frete*, ‘an iron band’=Ital. *ferrata*, ‘an iron grating’ (Lat. *ferrum*, ‘iron’). “*Fret-work*” was specially used of a kind of gilding for the roofs of halls; it was a pattern formed by small gilt bands or *frets* intersecting each other at right angles. “The roof was fretted gold” of the Palace of Pandæmonium in *Paradise Lost*, I. 717. Cf. also Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, II. 14. 9, “beautiful works and orders, like the *frets* in the *roofs* of houses,” where Mr Aldis Wright says, “the Egyptian key pattern is a familiar example.” (The verb *fret*=‘to adorn’ is quite distinct, coming from A.S. *frætwan*.)

gentry, ‘the quality or rank of a gentleman, gentle birth’ (IV. 2. 39); hence those who are of this class (III. 7. 7, V. 1. 18). The primary sense of *gentle* was ‘well-born, belonging to a family of position.’ L. *gentilis*, belonging to the same *gens* or race. It is easy to see how the fact of belonging to a *gens* would come to imply high birth.

Gordian, II. 2. 34. According to the legend, Gordius, the first king of Phrygia, tied an inextricable knot, the undoer of which was

promised by an oracle the sovereignty of Asia. Alexander the Great cut the knot with his sword and fulfilled the oracle by conquering Asia. Hence *Gordian*=‘inextricable.’ Cf. *Henry V.* i. 1. 46, “The Gordian knot of it he will unloose.” Cf. Milton’s *Vacation Exercise*, 89, 90 :

“What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?”

having, i. 2. 17, ‘property, possessions.’ Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 2. 73, “the gentleman is of no having”; *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 379, “I’ll lend you something : my having is not much.”

hilding, ii. 3. 122, ‘a mean wretch, a good for nothing fellow.’ Also used as adj.=‘mean, worthless’: cf. 2 *Henry IV.* i. 1. 57, 58 :

“He has some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on”;

and *Henry V.* iv. 2. 29. Perhaps from the old verb *hield* or *he ld*, ‘to bend, lean,’ hence ‘to sink, droop,’ whence the nautical term *heel*, ‘to lean to one side as a ship.’ *Hilding* was specially applied to ‘a worthless horse, a jade,’ i.e. one which sinks under its load. See *New E. Dict.*

his; this was the ordinary neuter (as well as masculine) possessive pronoun in Middle E. and remained so in Elizabethan E. Cf. *Genesis* iii. 15, “it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise *his* heel.” There was also a use, not common, of *it* as a possessive, though uninflected (see iii. 4. 157); especially in the phrase *it own*. Cf. *The Tempest*, ii. 1. 163, “of *it own* kind,” and the Bible of 1611 in *Leviticus* xxv. 5, “of *it owne* accord.” So *it...self* in iii. 4. 157.

Then from the possessive use of *it* uninflected there arose, about the close of the 16th century, the inflected form *its*, in which -s is the usual possessive inflection, as in *his*. This new form *its* came into use slowly. The earliest known instance is in Florio’s Italian Dictionary 1598, and Florio uses *its* in his translation of Montaigne’s Essays (1603), familiar to Shakespeare (cf. *The Tempest*). See *Shakespeare’s England*, 1916, ii. 557. There are no instances of *its* in Spenser or the Bible (1611), and only three in Milton’s poetical works (*Paradise Lost*, i. 254, iv. 813, *Nativity Ode*, 106). *Its* does not occur in any extant work of Shakespeare printed prior to his death: hence it seems not improbable that the nine instances in the 1st Folio (five in a single play, *The Winter’s Tale*) were due to the editors or printers.

humour. It was an old existing belief that all existing things

consist of *four elements* or constituent parts, viz. fire, water, earth and air ; that in the human body these *elements* appear as four *humours*—fire=choler, water=phlegm, earth=melancholy, air=blood ; and that a man's 'temperament' or nature depends upon the way in which these *humours* are 'tempered,' i.e. mixed, in him. So in Elizabethan E. *humour* often has a wider sense than now, e.g. 'prevailing temper, cast of mind' (iv. 2. 132). Cf. the titles of Ben Jonson's comedies, *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*.

inherit, III. 2. 61 ; then often used = 'to have, possess,' without (as now) the notion of '*heirship*' (Lat. *heres*, 'an heir'). So *inheritance*= 'possession,' e.g. in the Prayer-Book, "And bless thine inheritance"—that is, 'thy people, thy peculiar possession.'

injurious, III. 1. 46, IV. 2. 86, 'insulting,' like F. *injurieux*. So *injury*= 'insult, abusive speech' in 3 *Henry VI.* iv. 1. 107 : "But what said Warwick to these injuries?"

jet, III. 3. 5, 'to strut, stalk pompously.' O.F. *jetter*, 'to throw,' from Lat. *jactare*; the notion in *jet* is 'to fling oneself about in walking.' Cf. *swagger*= 'to sway from side to side.'

lieger; then the common word for 'ambassador,' under variant forms, e.g. *lieger*, *leger*, and *ledger*; the last often in the phrase 'a *ledger ambassador*' or 'ambassador *ledger*' = 'resident or ordinary ambassador,' contrasted with a special envoy. In 1. 5. 80, the Folios print the word *leidgers*. Literally 'one who *lies*' i.e. resides in a place, from the old use of *lie*; cf. *L'Allegro*, 79, 80 :

"Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Sir Henry Wotton, himself a diplomatist, quibblingly defined an ambassador as "an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country"; and Dr Johnson in his *Dictionary* had this in mind when he defined *leger* as "anything that *lies* in a place; as, a *leger ambassador*."

limb meal, II. 4. 147 ; the adverbial suffix *-meal* comes from the dative plural *mélum*, 'by bits,' of A.S. *míel*, 'a bit, piece'; cf. 'piece-meal.' Chaucer has 'flok-mele' = 'in great numbers,' *Clerk's Tale*, 86. So *inch-meal* = 'by inches,' in *The Tempest*, II. 2. 23. Cf. Germ. *-mal* in *ein-mal*, 'once,' etc.

livery; in Elizabethan E. = 'any kind of dress, garb'; cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 62, "The clouds in thousand liveries dight." Originally *livery* meant whatever was given (i.e. *delivered*) by a lord to his

household, whether food, money or garments (II. 3. 122). From F. *livrer*=Low Lat. *liberare*, ‘to abandon.’

marry, corrupted from the name of the ‘Virgin *Mary*'; cf. *Lady* and “by'r *lady*”=‘by our Lady,’ i.e. the Virgin. Such expressions dated from the pre-Reformation times in England. The common meanings of *marry* are ‘indeed, to be sure’ (I. 1. 76), and ‘why’ as an expletive lending a touch of contempt.

mere, IV. 2. 92, ‘absolute, utter.’ Cf. “his mere enemy,” *The Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 265; “the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet,” i.e. complete destruction, *Othello*, II. 2. 3, 4. In V. 5. 334, ‘whole.’ Lat. *merus*, ‘pure, unmixed.’

moe, III. 1. 36. Middle E. *mo*, from A.S. *mā*, ‘more, others,’ indicated number; *more*, from A.S. *māra*, ‘greater,’ indicated magnitude; now *more* serves both purposes. The root of each is that which we get in the verb *may*. In Elizabethan E. *moe* is frequent; cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. 3. 72, “Sing no more ditties, sing no moe.” In both these passages of *Cymbeline*, as in others, the later Folios alter *mo* or *moe* to *more*, which shows that it was getting obsolete.

mow, I. 6. 40, ‘a grimace,’ from F. *moue* (a word of Dutch origin), ‘a pouting, a wry face’; so that ‘to mow at’ is like F. *faire la moue à*. Cf. the verb in *The Tempest*, II. 2. 9, “like apes, that mow and chatter at me.”

nerves, III. 3. 94, ‘sinews’ (=Lat *nervi*); never used by Shakespeare in the modern sense. Milton (*Sonnet 17*) calls money ‘the nerve’—where we say ‘the sinews’—of war (*nervi belli pecunia*).

nice. *Nice* comes through O.F. *nice*, from Lat. *nescius*, ‘ignorant,’ and one can trace its meanings from the original notion of ‘ignorance’ to the modern sense, thus: ‘ignorant’—‘unwise, foolish’ (the Chaucerian sense)—‘foolishly particular, fastidious’—‘satisfying to a fastidious taste’ (II. 4. 90), i.e. delicate, fine, agreeable.’ The main Shakespearian senses are ‘precise, subtle’; ‘scrupulous, too particular,’ and so ‘coy, prudish’ (III. 4. 155); ‘petty, trifling’—cf. “nice offence” in *Julius Cæsar*, IV. 3. 8, i.e. one which only a *very* scrupulous person would trouble about; and ‘fine, delicate, dainty.’ The notion ‘foolish’ or ‘foolishly particular’ is often to be found in Elizabethan uses of *nice*. The word is noticeable as having improved in sense. In II. 5. 23, either ‘capricious’ or ‘fastidious’ seems to suit the context.

nonpareil, II. 5. 8, ‘a person unequalled, peerless’; cf. *Macbeth*,

III. 4. 17, 19, "Thou art the best...Thou art the *nonpareil*." F. *non*, 'not' + *pareil*, 'equal' cf. Lat. *par*, 'equal.'

or ere, III. 2. 65, 'before'; really *or* and *ere* are the same word = A.S. *ær*, 'before.' Perhaps *or* *ere* arose through confusion with *or ever*, people supposing wrongly that *ere* was put for *e'er* (cf. *Proverbs* viii. 23).

owe, III. 1. 37, 'to own, possess.' *Owe* meant originally 'to possess,' being closely akin to *own*; then 'to possess another's property,' and so 'to be in debt for.' Cf. *King John*, II. 1. 246-248:

"Be pleased then

To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely this young prince."

partisan, IV. 2. 399, 'a halberd, pike.' Apparently connected with *partisan*, 'an adherent of a party,' i.e. as if it originally meant 'the weapon of a partisan' (Lat. *pars*, *partiri*, etc.).

peasant, V. 1. 24. O.F. *paisant*, literally 'one who belongs to the country' (F. *pays*, Lat. *pagus*, 'a village, district'). The disparaging use of *peasant* comes from the feeling of superiority to country folk which towns-people sometimes affect.

peevish, I. 6. 53, 'silly, childish'; the sort of man who wants looking after. Shakespeare often applies the word thus, without any notion of ill-temper or fretfulness, to children; cf. *Richard III*. IV. 2. 100, "When Richmond was a little peevish boy." The original idea was 'making a plaintive cry,' as the *peewit* does.

practice, V. 5. 199, 'stratagem, plot'; as often in Shakespeare. Cf. *King Lear*, II. 1. 75, "To thy suggestion, plot and damned practice." So the verb often; cf. 2 *Henry VI*. II. 1. 171, (they) "Have practised dangerously against your state." Spenser uses *practick* = 'deceitful, treacherous'; cf. *The Faerie Queene*, II. 3. 9, "In cunning sleights and practick knavery." Cf. our phrase "sharp practice."

pregnant, 'clear, obvious,' IV. 2. 325. So in *Measure for Measure*, II. 1. 23, "'Tis very pregnant." The adverb has this sense in *Timon of Athens*, I. 1. 93, "more pregnantly than words." It is a word often rather difficult to define in S., from the latitude of the metaphor.

proper, III. 4. 61, 'handsome, fine, comely'; a common Elizabethan use. Portia describes her English suitor as "a proper man's picture," i.e. the very picture of a handsome man. In *Hebrews* xi. 23, "Moses... was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child," the Revised Version substitutes 'goodly.' That which is our

own (Lat. *proprietus*) is apt to find favour in our eyes. For the etymological sense ‘own’ cf. IV. 2. 97.

rap, I. 6. 50, ‘to transport’; an old verb ‘to seize hurriedly,’ cognate with Germ. *raffen*, ‘to snatch.’ The *Cent. Dict.* quotes from Foxe’s *Book of Martyrs* (1522): “Think ye...that they will not pluck from you whatsoever they can rap or reave?” For the figurative sense cf. the participle *rapt*, the form of which, properly *rapped*, comes through confusion with Lat. *raptus*, the p. p. of Lat. *rapere*, ‘to seize.’

reck, IV. 2. 154, ‘to care about, mind’; A.S. *rēcan*. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 6. 26, “I reck not though I end my life to-day.” In other writers sometimes impersonal; cf. *Lycidas*, 122, “What recks it them? What need they? They are sped.” In the Articles of Religion (xvii.) *wretchedness*=‘carelessness,’ the *w* having been prefixed.

relation, II. 4. 86, ‘account, report.’ Cf. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, II. 182, “Have we not seen, or by relation heard?” F. *relation* retains this sense; cf. the verb *relater*.

resty, III. 6. 34, ‘sluggish, tepid’; an obscure word, affected by a supposed connection with the verb to *rest*. Cf. *Sonnet c. 9*, “rise, resty Muse.” The *New E. Dict.* quotes Milton, *Eikonoklastes*: “Some great household...where the Master is too restie or too rich to say his own prayers.”

runagate, I. 6. 136; a corruption of *renegado*, ‘an apostate, deserter’;=Spanish *renegado*, ‘one who has denied the faith’ (from Lat. *negare*, ‘to deny’). Cf. Hakluyt’s *Voyages* (1599), “a Spaniard renegado from the host.” See *Psalm lxviii. 6, Prayer-Book* (“letteth the runagates continue in scarceness”).

sharded, III. 3. 20, from *shard* or *sherd*, A.S. *sceard*, ‘a fragment,’ especially of pottery—cf. *potsherd*; literally ‘a cut thing.’ A.S. *sceran*, ‘to cut, shear’; cf. Germ. *scheren*.

’shrew; short for *beshrew*, which is generally combined with *me* or *my heart*, either as a mild imprecation ‘woe to’ (cf. II. 3. 141), or for emphasis ‘indeed.’ The original notion was ‘to invoke something shrewd, i.e. bad, on a person’; see *shrewd*.

silly, V. 3. 86. A word rich in human nature. Originally (1) ‘happy, blessed’; A.S. *sélig*, ‘happy,’ Middle E. *sely*; cf. Germ. *selig*, ‘happy.’ Then (2) ‘humble, simple, innocent’ (happiness and humility going together); the regular Chaucerian sense. In sense (2) *silly* became the stereotyped Elizabethan adj. of pastoral life: shepherds and their flocks are always “silly” in pastoral verse (e.g. in Spenser,

The Shepheards Calendar, Julye, and Milton, *Nativity Ode*, 92). From (2) ‘simple’ to (3) ‘simple-minded, foolish’ was an easy transition, reflecting (like “peasant”) the townsman’s point of view. In S. the last meaning is very rare; for him *silly* connotes homeliness, simplicity, helplessness. It is a gloomy thought that few much-used words take on a better meaning as they pass through life, from mouth to mouth.

still, II. 5. 28, v. 5. 250. The radical meaning of the adj. *still* is ‘abiding in its place’; hence = ‘constantly, ever’ as an adverb. Cf. “the still-vexed Bermoothes,” i.e. continually disturbed by storms, *The Tempest*, I. 2. 229.

toy, IV. 2. 193, ‘a worthless thing, a trifle.’ Cf. 2 *Henry IV*. II. 4. 183, “Shall we fall foul for toys?” i.e. quarrel about trifles. So in *Lucrece*, 214, “Who sells eternity to get a toy?” Hence sometimes in S. ‘an idle fancy, a mere whim.’ Dutch *tuig*, ‘stuff, trash’; akin to Germ. *zeug*, e.g. in *spielzeug*, ‘playthings.’

villain; a feudal term (cf. ‘vassal’) which has deteriorated. Originally *villeins* (Lat. *villani*, from *villa*, ‘a country estate’) were a class of labourers or serfs who owed agricultural service to their lords. Hence the Elizabethan use of *villain* = ‘bondman, slave’; cf. *Lucrece*, 1338, “The homely villain court’sies to her low” (referring to the ‘groom’ mentioned in line 1334). So *villany* sometimes = ‘slavery’; cf. Marlowe, 1 *Tamburlaine*, III. 2. 38, “far from villany or servitude.” Then ‘slave’ passed into ‘wretch, rascal’ (IV. 2. 71).

virtue, I. 5. 23, ‘power, efficacy’; as in *Luke* viii. 46, “virtue is gone out of me.” Another Elizabethan sense is ‘valour,’ Lat. *virtus*; cf. *Paradise Lost*, I. 319, 320:

“After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue.”

Literally ‘worth, *manly* excellence’ (Lat. *vir*, ‘a man’).

weeds, ‘garments,’ v. I. 23; common in S. and Milton; cf. *L’Allegro*, 119, 120:

“Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumph hold.”

The singular is rare, but cf. *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, II. 1. 255, 256:

“And there the snake throws her enamell’d skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.”

Now a poetical usage, apart from the phrase “widow’s weeds”; cf. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, v. :

“In words like weeds, I’ll wrap me o’er.”

I. INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES

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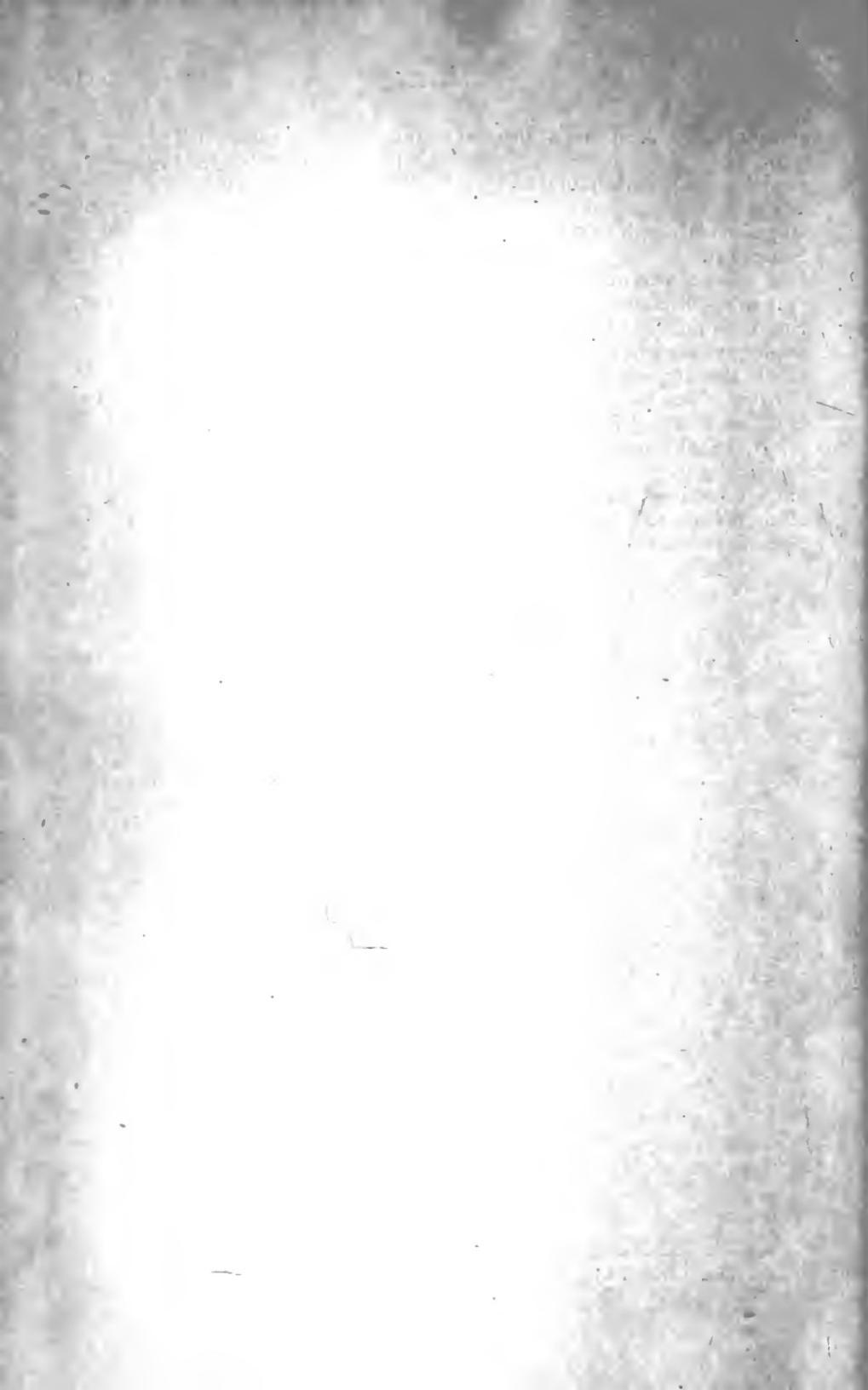
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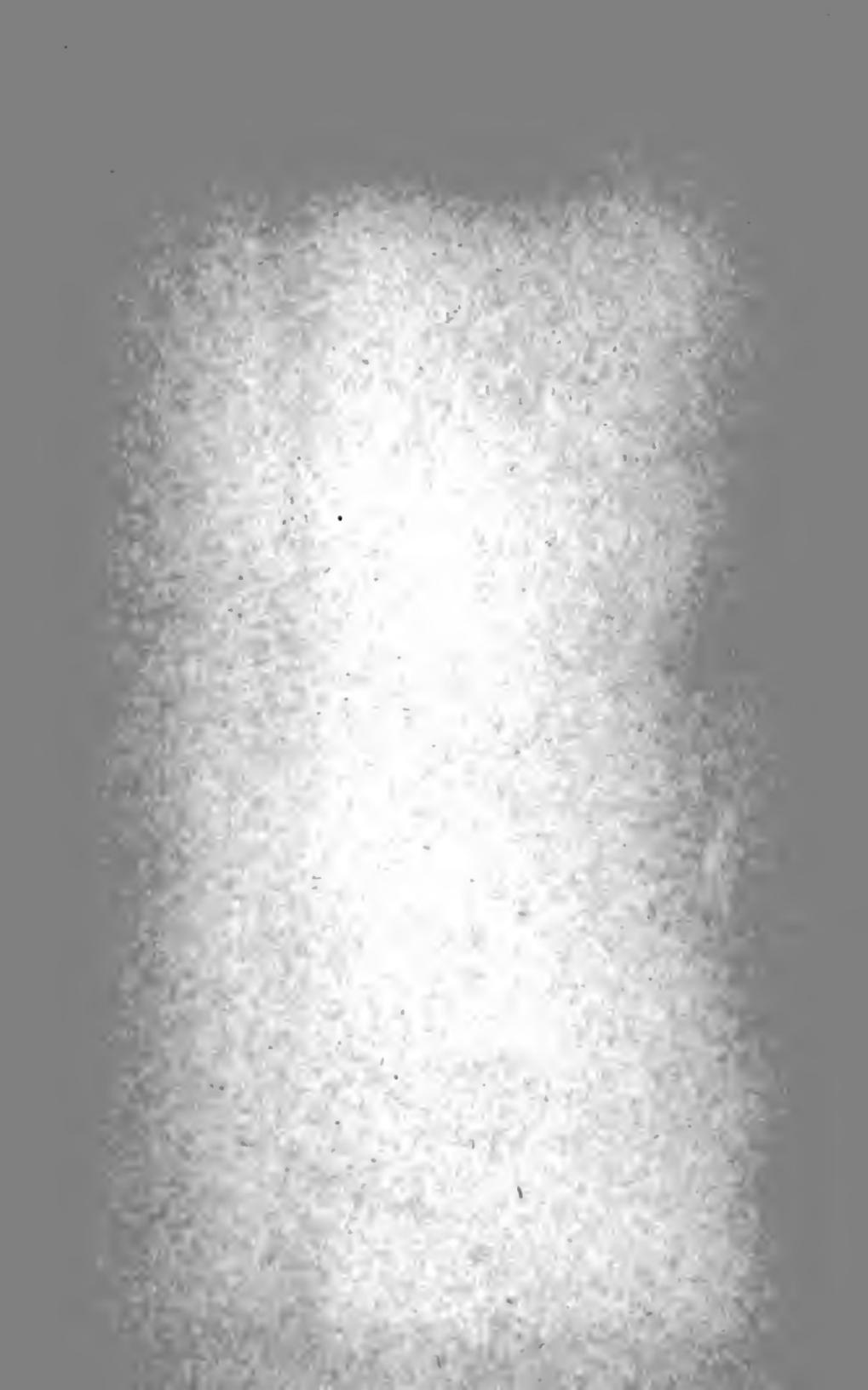
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